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ON the 4th of January next, being the date of the first appearance of the *Saturday Review* for the New Year, we propose to introduce a new feature which will, despite its novelty, be in accordance with all traditions of the paper. Comment on news, and not mere news by itself, has always been the main object of this periodical. But since its foundation the events which are brought before the public have multiplied immensely. A considerably wider scope of interest has been opened to those persons whose attention the *Saturday Review* has always desired, and these persons have acquired the habit of demanding somewhat more prompt and direct notice of incidents within that scope. In one department, moreover, wherein the *Review* has from the first made and retained its mark, the reviewing of books, a custom has grown up of hastening notices of important works so as to make such notice appear as quickly as possible after the actual publication of any remarkable book. It has never been the custom or the wish of the managers of this *Review* to regard themselves as mere caterers for the public taste; but they are as little disposed to neglect that taste when it can be consulted without impropriety. And it has seemed to them that a weekly chronicle or criticism of all the more important events of the sennight, whether political, foreign, or domestic, whether literary, artistic, or miscellaneous, might be not only welcomed when done, but worth the doing. Nothing of exactly the same kind as is now proposed has yet been put before an English public; and though some foreign periodicals have aimed, at least in title, at something of the sort, no periodical known to us has actually attained to it. Only matters of actual importance or of great public interest will be referred to, and in each case the reference will aim at the character of a brief criticism or judgment rather than of a mere entry in a Dictionary of Dates. Noteworthy books of the week will be referred to in the same way, and noteworthy events in the various departments of art, as well as such miscellaneous matter as seems to deserve notice. Such notice will in no case exclude fuller and more detailed comment either simultaneous or subsequent in the leader, "middle," or review columns of the paper. Personal gossip will not only not be attempted, but will be rigorously excluded; and the main attempt will be devoted to the furnishing of a critical summary of the chief events of the week of all kinds, such as may be useful either to those who, knowing the facts, care to see them connectedly considered, or to those who like to have a summary, and yet not a mere summary, of the movements of the world put at short intervals before their eyes. If the project can be carried out, as it is hoped and believed that it may be, the *Saturday Review* will offer, to a generation more studious of miscellaneous novelty than that to which it first presented itself, a representation of affairs more extensive than that at present given by any weekly paper, and more select, critical, and concentrated than is possible in the omnium gatherum of a daily journal.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING.

THE career of the author of *Sordello* was so almost entirely literary that less even than is usual need be said about any other side of it. His marriage with a great, though unequal, poetess, and the sort of sentimental interest which, in common with, or in obedience to, her, he took in the cause of Italian independence, form almost the only two points of a non-literary kind which deserve even passing reference. For posterity—at least the wiser part of it—he will be entirely in his poetry, and for the wisest part of that wiser part he will be not

universally even there. It is unnecessary at the present moment to dwell on the unintelligent recalcitrance which the public showed for so many years to Mr. BROWNING's genius; it is still more unnecessary to dwell on the equally unintelligent BROWNING-worship—worship, of course, of the idol's feet of clay, and not of its head of gold—which followed. The obscurity of *Paracelsus* and *Sordello* was vastly exaggerated, but it existed to some extent; and with the poet's still stranger fancy for grotesque twists of language, for crampo rhymes, and occasionally for verses which creaked like horse-fiddles, it must be allowed to have been a flaw in his poetic gift. Such things necessarily imply either deficiency of power to restrain them, or a fondness for flinging defiance in the public face—two different forms of poetic "impotence." When the whirligig of time gave Mr. BROWNING his revenges for slighted merit, it took its own at the same time for indulged defect. The fanatics of the Browning Society admired the defects most of all (which was one punishment), and Mr. BROWNING himself took to imitating and caricaturing them (which was another). But, from the very first to the very last, from *Pauline* to *Asolando*, it was impossible that any competent judge, unless temporarily blinded and exasperated by prejudice and the poet's provocations, could fail to see how great a poet was here. Posterity may neglect, and probably will neglect, except in rare dippings and excursions, the whole series of narratives—or whatever they are to be called—from *The Ring and the Book* to *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance*. It will, perhaps, not be enthusiastic even about most of the dramas, and it may choose to hear but a small part of *SORDELLO*'s story told. But that part of it which knows poetry when it sees poetry will place *Dramatic Lyrics*, and *Dramatic Romances*, and *Men and Women*, and *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, and *Pippa Passes*, and *Dramatis Personæ*, and many of the shorter things from the later books, apart and on high among the noblest work of English verse.

Among Mr. BROWNING's poetical virtues, numerous as they are, may be placed his singular sympathy with the most various forms and experiences of life, his dramatic-pictorial faculty (the strong pictorial element in this is probably the reason why he never wrote a good play), his excellent touch of description (a touch peculiar to himself, and consistent sometimes with the minutest detail, sometimes with a broad effect of few lines), and the wonderful rush and sweep of his best verse. Almost all rushing rivers are more or less turbid, and it may be that this very fluency and torrent of ideas never, as in some other cases, venting themselves in merely disproportionate fluxes of words, accounts for some of the roughness and "jawbreaking" with which he was charged. It is certain that he could on occasion be exquisitely smooth, and that with no loss of power. But his immense variety of subject, his volume of production, and, it may be, a certain deficiency of that self-critical power which is so remarkable in his greatest contemporary, disposed him irresistibly to faults, which certainly are faults, though they were outweighed a hundred times by his innumerable beauties. It will always be a puzzle—a puzzle easily enough perhaps to be understood, but not so easy to be explained in words—how the author who could, apparently with no great additional effort, turn out hundreds of such admirable things as meet us at every turn in the *Lyrics*, should have, apparently with complacency, resigned himself to pouring forth, with trouble nearly as great, the thousands of lines of blank or rhymed verse which, except to devotees seeking *midi à quatorze heures*, and hopefully but doubtfully convinced that they have found it, are very little better than the parodies which have been often made on them.

To pass from merely formal characteristics, we have ourselves no doubt that Mr. BROWNING's immortality as a poet will rest upon two things, the one being his indomitable—not exactly optimism, but determination to find and make life worth living; and, secondly, or, indeed, as a kind of division of this, his extraordinary merit as a poet of love. All good poets, with rare and abnormal exceptions, like MILTON and WORDSWORTH, are best when they sing of this subject; but few are Mr. BROWNING's superiors in that branch of the art, and few have ever equalled him in a certain combination of vigour, variety, and volume. He has the quality of enthusiasm and rapture which is wanting, save in the great *tour de force* of "Fatima," to the exquisite work of the LAUREATE in this kind; he is more practical than Mr. SWINBURNE. There is hardly any mood of the passion which cannot find its expression in the best of Mr. BROWNING's verse, and he has the singular faculty of being able to make even the wearing of the willow dignified and interesting without sentimentality. "The Last Ride Together"—his masterpiece, perhaps (we once read a long book of liturgical meditations on Mr. BROWNING, in which this poem was not even mentioned)—would be, but for one or two tiny blemishes—minute blemishes due to the poet's too careless *facture*—one of the few perfect poems ever written. "In a Gondola" runs it hard; in fact, it is very much more a question of mood in the reader than of merit in the writer. And who can forget "Love among the Ruins," with the restrained quiver of its apparently sober metre; and the magnificent "Love's Immortalities" ("So the year's done with. Love me for ever!"), and that "Toccata of Galuppi's;" and, to stop a catalogue which would be out of place here, a hundred other things, down to lines published even after the announcement of the author's illness?

It is, however, not improbable that the peculiar charm of Mr. BROWNING's verses consists, partly at least, in the great variety of quite different matter with which these love verses are intermixed. Of such variety certainly no poet ever provided his readers with larger measure. Here catalogue is impossible; but one may recall such specimens as the almost hackneyed "Ride to Aix" and "Pied Piper," as the admirable "Cavalier Songs" and "Through the Metidja," as "The Flight of the Duchess," as "Childe Roland," as "The Grammarian's Funeral," and as almost every piece in *Dramatis Personæ* (the book of the poet, the most varied, the most uniformly good, the most representative, the happiest middle between immaturity and self-caricature, and possessing in "Prospice" perhaps the grandest of contemporary poems). Although no English poet is less like SHAKESPEARE than Mr. BROWNING in most respects, there is something of Shakspearian universality in him, something of that inexhaustible novelty which would seem at first sight the last merit likely to be perceived in a poet so steeped in mannerisms. But the truth is that Mr. BROWNING, though unfortunate enough to have a mannerism, was fortunate enough to have a manner, and a grand manner, too, and this never deserted him, even when he went a-wandering after the other. He had *souffle*, he had distinction, he had even (reckless as he too often was of it) style. So strong was his attraction, that we have known a rational admirer solemnly swear that he would not be prevented from reading "The Last Ride Together" and "In a Gondola" as often as he pleased, though a dictator should force him to read *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* and *Balaustion's Adventure* on each occasion. And yet not twenty years ago a really intelligent and fairly cultivated person, beholding on a friend's shelves a row of books with ROBERT BROWNING on the back, exclaimed, "Why, I thought she was a woman!" That, however, is long over, and though Browning Societies and the seeking of new points in Prince HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU's soul will go the way of all follies, Mr. BROWNING's reputation will never fade. For he loved this life, and he could sing of it like few; and he did not love it the less or sing of it the worse because he believed in another. He, too, might say, in those great verses of his great contemporary which appeared almost at the moment of his death:—

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark.  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have cross'd the bar.

#### REVOLUTION A LA ROSEBERY.

IT is interesting to watch the friendly rivalry with which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. JOHN MORLEY pursue their candidature for the paulo-post-future leadership of the Liberal party. Among Dissenters, we believe, there is a practice which is known as preaching trial sermons. When a pulpit, offering what, in the decorous euphemism of the profession is called a large sphere of usefulness, becomes vacant, zealous divines exhibit their respective qualifications for the cure of souls in competitive prayers and sermons. As the feathered youth—to use a phrase which the poet GRAY might have employed—in the season in which young birds, as well as young men's, fancies lightly turn to things of love, and the dove is adorned with a brighter iris, show off their plumes and notes before the hesitating fair, so Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. MORLEY are emulously endeavouring to win the heart of the Gladstonian party. It is CLEON and the Sausage-seller over again, with the important difference that CLEON and the Sausage-seller have been reconciled, and have discarded sincere vituperations for politic flatteries. So far as we can gather, the judgment passed closely resembles that arrived at by MAGOG WRATH or BULLY BLUCK, or some equally high authority, on the two candidates for Dartford. Mr. MORLEY's language, it is admitted, is not so spicy as his rival's; "but then he speaks from his 'art'; and give me the man who speaks from his 'art.'" In other words, Mr. MORLEY is believed to be, comparatively speaking, honest. We are speaking now only in terms of comparison, without denying that quality, in its positive sense, to either politician. But Mr. MORLEY does not seem to us to be quite as wise as he is honest. The SPEAKER told the Fellows of the Royal Society the other day that there were only five men of science in the House of Commons. Whether he wanted more, or wished they were still fewer, he did not say. We do not know how many men of letters there are in the House of Commons, nor do we know with any precision who is a man of letters and who is not. If some of Mr. MORLEY's later speeches are samples of the wisdom which literature contributes to the deliberations of Parliament, we should be tempted to Lord MELBOURNE's disparaging estimate of the class. If Mr. MORLEY is, as we admit, both honest and wise, he seems to act in the spirit of HAMLET's advice to OPHELIA, and not to admit his honesty to any commerce with his wisdom. The two qualities are apparently not on speaking terms in his mind. They run on parallel lines, and, apparently, have little chance of meeting.

Mr. MORLEY seldom condescends to detail. He is almost always declamatory and sentimental. But in his recent speeches he has made one practical suggestion, and, so far as we can recollect, only one; that is to say, he has proposed that something should be done which it is not in the nature of things impossible to do. Whether it would be useful to do it is a different matter. Some time ago Mr. MORLEY contributed to the reform of the House of Lords the phrase that it must either be ended or mended. The suggestion which he now makes is neither for ending nor for mending it, but for going on with it in an impaired condition. Mr. MORLEY, before proceeding to his solitary contribution to practical politics, enunciated, as the way of philosophers is, one or two political axioms. "A peer," he said, and Dundee applauded loudly, "ought to be in no better position than any other man." The conclusion from this proposition is that either everybody ought to be a peer, or that nobody ought to be a peer. This axiom is balanced by the counter-proposition that a peer ought to be in no worse position than any other man. From these principles Mr. MORLEY draws the conclusion that a peer ought to have the advantage, for some purposes, of being both a peer and a commoner at the same time, and of being, for other purposes, either a peer or a commoner, as may suit his taste or his ambition. Mr. MORLEY's statement had better be made in his own language. He is his own interpreter, though whether he will make it plain or not is doubtful:—"The suggestion," says that great constructive statesman, "which seems to me most worthy of your favourable consideration is this—that any individual peer who chooses formally to declare his option to give up for his lifetime a seat in the House of Lords attaching to his peerage, should be allowed to do so; and on so declaring himself should become eligible for a seat in the House of Commons." We sometimes hear, by a violent metaphor, of statesmen going on the war-path. Mr. MORLEY has be-



taken himself to the Primrose-path. A greater master of phrases, a not less distinguished man of letters, and a fiercer Jacobin than Mr. MORLEY, ridiculed the idea of a rosewater revolution. What would he have thought, if the thing could have been made intelligible to him, of a revolution à la ROSEBERRY? Mr. MORLEY is thinking neither of strengthening the House of Commons nor even, it may be, of perpetuating, while weakening, the House of Lords, but of obliging his friend. If the thing which he has in view is to be done at all, let it be done openly. Let Mr. MORLEY proceed by way of private and personal legislation, by *privilegium*. Let him introduce next Session an Earl of ROSEBERRY'S Disabilities Relief Bill, enabling that discontented peer to purge himself during his lifetime of his nobility, and to sit, if he can get elected, as of course he would do, in the House of Commons. If there is to be perfect equality, and a peer is to be neither better nor worse off than anybody else, this privilege must be reciprocal. If Mr. MORLEY himself, or Mr. BRADLAUGH, or Dr. TANNER should prefer a safe seat for life in the House of Lords to eligibility to the House of Commons, why, on Mr. MORLEY'S principles, are they to be debarred from making the exchange which is to be allowed to Lord ROSEBERRY? To say that this reciprocity is impossible, considering the number of peers which it might involve, is only to say that Mr. MORLEY'S proposal, instead of being based on the principle of equality, is of the narrowest oligarchical kind. This is the point which, by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, we desire to bring home to Mr. MORLEY. The fact is that Lord ROSEBERRY, as whose representative Mr. MORLEY is obviously speaking, desires to be two things at once. He wishes to be, at the same time, a great nobleman and a great commoner—PITT as he was before he became the Earl of Chatham, and PITT as Earl of Chatham. Lord ROSEBERRY is the creation of our aristocratic system. A considerable series of Lord ROSEBERRYS, reaching how far back we do not care to inquire, accumulating estates by the matrimonial and other expedients open to peers, and transmitting them by primogeniture and rule of birth, with an hereditary peerage, have issued in him. Does Lord ROSEBERRY think that, if he were simply Mr. PRIMROSE, the son of a long series of simple Mr. PRIMROSES, he would have been a Cabinet Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs? He might have been, but the chances would have been very much against him. More probably he would have held a permanent appointment in the Civil Service, been Secretary to the Board of Works, or the Board of Trade. Lord ROSEBERRY desires to add to the advantages which he derives from the peerage the opportunities of personal display and of political ambition which a seat in the House of Commons would give him. His demands are extravagant. The Church Catechism was made for him as well as for humbler people, and he ought to learn to be content with that station in life to which Providence has been pleased to call him. To be able to take part in politics without being dragged into the factious struggles of the House of Commons, to have time for thought, to be exempt from the necessity of base electioneering compliances, are advantages which may well be set off against the comparative dullness of the House of Lords. Perhaps it is Mr. MORLEY'S design to bleed the House of Lords to death by withdrawing from it its more active and able members. If this is really his aim, it would be more candid in him to state it.

Mr. MORLEY'S assertion that the regeneration of Ireland would be accomplished by transferring authority to a Home Rule Parliament—which will consist of boycotters, breakers of contracts, repudiators of debts, and inciters to violent crime—deserves record, but it does not deserve comment. He censures Lord SALISBURY for insisting on the doctrine of supply and demand in regard to labour, and for urging emigration as a means for relieving the labour-market. He says with some truth that our colonies will not take our failures. His own remedy is organization of labour; but he must know that such organization will either exclude those failures, or if it includes them will drag down the whole body to their level. He exults in the probable expulsion of the landlord garrison from Ireland, and invites its expulsion from Great Britain—a proposal which will, we hope, receive due attention at Althorp, Studley Royal, and Dalmeny. Without expressing any opinion upon the merits of Mr. KEAY'S plan of land naturalization—which Mr. GLADSTONE declares to be that either of a fool or a robber, using the

abstract terms rather than the concrete ones which we have employed—Mr. MORLEY rejoiced in its advocate's return for Elgin and Nairn. All this may be merely the phrasemongering of a young Parliamentary hand, but what is mere claptrap with Mr. MORLEY is taken very seriously by large numbers of those who listen to or read his speeches. To have meant no harm is a poor excuse for having done a great deal.

#### THE AFRICAN PROBLEM.

GREAT as have, beyond all doubt, been Mr. STANLEY'S performances in Africa; ingeniously or fortunately as the reception of intelligence from him since his return has been timed to stimulate, without satisfying, the public appetite for news; and strenuous as is the puffery which certain journalists in London bestow on this, their ideal of a successful journalist, there are not wanting signs that some, at least, of the English public would prefer, if not a little less confidence, considerably more quietness about Mr. STANLEY'S demeanour. The singular expressions reported last week, as of one who thought that the mystical attitude of GORDON might be assumed with advantage (but *n'est pas Gordon qui veut*), probably gave pause to some admirers. And, illogical as it may be, there can be little doubt that EMIN Pasha's sad accident helped others to realize the fact that the rescuer's expressions about the rescued have been, to say nothing more, considerably wanting in delicacy. Telegrams to "Imperator Rex," and the rest of it, with "Imperator Rex," who is good at telegrams, promptly replying in the same style, form a more purely comic element in the business, though even these help to deepen the impression. And Mr. WALTER BARTELOT should have deepened it very much by his letter to the *Times* on Mr. STANLEY'S almost incredibly bad taste in referring to the unfortunate commanders of the rearguard. These remarks would have been disagreeable in any case; but Mr. BARTELOT has shown (as, indeed, those who remembered the facts knew well) that Mr. STANLEY is not only ungenerous, but inaccurate. His order to Major BARTELOT to march was conditional on the supply of carriers by his own precious friend, TIPPOO TIB, and there was no point on which he laid so much stress as on the maintenance intact of the store of goods, which could only be secured either by staying with them or marching with the full number of carriers. That Mr. STANLEY himself, had he been in Major BARTELOT'S place, would have taken the responsibility of disobeying orders when he found that TIPPOO was not to be trusted, is very likely. But it is more than very likely, it is absolutely certain, that if the Major had done this, and disaster had followed, all the resources of special correspondent eloquence would have been tasked to supply Mr. STANLEY with sufficient denunciations of such disobedience. To put men in the most difficult, the most thankless, the most anxious, and—except for its anxiety—the most uninteresting place of an expedition, and then upbraid them for doing what you have told them to do, is not pretty behaviour.

The truth, however, is that Mr. STANLEY appears to be in that condition in which men who have not only deserved success by their conduct, but have obtained it by their conduct, plus that luck of which only fools deny the existence, are not unfrequently found. He appears to have reached the stage of regarding want of success as a crime in itself. Nothing is more unfortunate in EMIN Pasha's unfortunate accident than the inevitable delay which, even if it turn out not to be fatal, it must interpose in the way of our hearing the Pasha's own version of the story of his disasters at Wadelai. At present Mr. STANLEY'S story is hearsay, chiefly from Mr. JEPHSON, and Mr. JEPHSON'S own story is chiefly hearsay from other people. It is, indeed, not difficult to reconstruct the probable course of events, both from these stories and from general likelihood; but this does not dispense with the necessity of hearing the other side. For the accident itself, it is sincerely to be hoped that it was accidental; but there is nothing so absurd as has been pretended in other theories. All we know of the Pasha leads us to suppose that he must have suffered the keenest pangs in yielding to Mr. STANLEY'S persuasion, or compulsion (for it may be said to have been almost that), to accompany him to the coast. Mr. STANLEY thinks that Mr. JAMESON died, partly at least, of grief—a hypothesis convenient for his own theory of the mistakes committed by the leaders of the rearguard, but not confirmed by anything else we know, and totally at variance with impartial testimony to the effect that, a very short time before his death,

Mr. JAMESON showed as cheery and indomitable a spirit as could have possessed any man. But it is not at all impossible (though we do not for a moment assert our belief in it) that EMIN's sense of a *rifuto*, of a withdrawal from duty, of there being nothing more to live for, may have been quickened by the healths and the huzzas which greeted Mr. STANLEY at Bagamoyo.

Some day, however, when sufficient ground-bait is thought by the wise ones to have been scattered in the newspapers, when the healths and the huzzas have been repeated in London, in Brussels (hardly, we fear, in Paris, "Imperator Rex" having made this impossible), and perhaps in Berlin, Mr. STANLEY's own account will be given to the world—given, let us hope, with as good an array of solid fact and justification, especially in that matter of the rearguard, as possible. Meanwhile it is curious and characteristic that we know little or nothing of what is actually going on in the Equatorial Province. We do not know whether the Mahdists have absorbed it, whether EMIN's rebels or any other set of persons have set up a government of their own there, or what has happened. There are rumours that order may shortly be restored in Uganda; and, if so, intelligence from the Lake districts will, of course, become more plentiful, more trustworthy, more rapid.

But it would be hardly safe to wait for that. Some German newspapers have, with unnecessary jealousy and ill nature of form, but to some extent with accuracy, asserted that Mr. STANLEY's expedition has in fact failed, because EMIN's province has not been brought under the domination of the British East African Company. We do not know that it was intended to be so brought. The course of the Nile should belong, and sooner or later must belong, to whosoever rules in Egypt, not to whosoever occupies the shores of the Indian Ocean. But various other events show that it will be by no means safe to leave to time and chance the re-establishment of connexion between these two points, by way of the Equatorial districts. The experience of Portugal, so pathetically bewailed by Senhor BARROS GOMES, our own so idiotically incurred on the West Coast of South Africa, in Upper Guinea, in Zanzibar itself, shows that in these days it is not safe to leave anything unclaimed and unmarked in the regular way. More than this, it seems in the highest degree probable that we shall very quickly have to repeat the thankless and endless performance which we have apparently undertaken to give whenever the KHALIFA asks us, on the Nile, somewhere about Wady Halfa. More than once, indeed, threatened invasions of the Dervishes have fallen through; but much more often they have not. Such a government (if government it is to be called) as was established by the MAHDI can exist only by being militant, and it has the peculiar advantage over all other militant organizations that defeat and death hardly discourage it at all. The interesting letter of the KHALIFA's General to EMIN, which was published the other day, might almost have been written by KHALED, if KHALED had been a little more of a literary man, and it will not do to trust too implicitly to the optimism of a respected historian of Islamism, who thinks that a Gatling at the battle of Yermouk might have changed the history of the world. Suppose, for instance, the Gatling had jammed? We are not, of course, anticipating the probability of any such catastrophe as is here hinted at. Even putting superiority of material aside, that is for the present out of the question. But we have more than once "run it rather fine" in those conflicts with the fanatics, and even if the fight at Toski can be repeated with ease and certainty until the Dervishes have had enough of it, the repetition is a singularly unworkmanlike and extravagant way of defending the Egyptian frontier, after fixing it at a place where no natural frontier ever can be fixed. Especially now that Egyptian finance has revived so far, and that so much progress has been made with internal reform, it is time to consider, at first of course cautiously, and without making rash schemes, how to recover that command of the Nile which can never be abandoned without loss and danger. In doing this there are four routes possible. One of them—that by the Congo—may, we hope, now be considered as closed to all but mere adventure for many a long day. The other three—up the river, from Souakim and from Mombassa—will be tried, and tried successfully, sooner or later by somebody, and it will be to our loss and disgrace if they are tried by any but Englishmen.

#### WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF NINETY-EIGHT?

WE have not observed any violent hurry on the part of the English Parnellite press to reply to the very interesting letter addressed a few days ago by Colonel SAUNDERSON to the *Times*. The member for North Armagh has, it appears, been taken to task by several Radical papers, both in England and Scotland, for certain remarks made by him at Belfast the other day, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of WILLIAM III., and the letter in question was designed to show that the attitude which he and other Ulster Liberals have taken, and intend to take in certain eventualities—to wit, their surrender by the Imperial Parliament to the domination of the Nationalists—is amply justified not only by the lessons of Irish history, ancient and modern, but by the authoritative statements of our opponents. Colonel SAUNDERSON's appeal to history would not of itself go for much—for no more, perhaps it may be admitted, than Mr. GLADSTONE's reminders of his countrymen, more in sorrow than in anger, that it was their ancestors and not the rebels of '98 who added the "pitch cap" to the previously existing array of political arguments. The Colonel concisely but effectively rehearses the history of the doings of the famous Father MURPHY in the course of the insurrection which exerted so strong an influence on the "blackguard" policy of PITT. He relates how that "excellent parish priest" established his headquarters at Vinegar Hill, sent out gangs of patriots to scour the country and bring in every Protestant that could be found, and how the captives thus brought in were daily taken out and butchered in cold blood, to the number of five hundred. We quite admit, however, that the brisk doings of this patriotic clergyman between the outbreak of the rebellion and his infamous execution by a coercionist Government of worse than Balfourian severity would not, in themselves, avail to prove much against the spirit and aims of the Irish Nationalists of to-day. They are undoubtedly in the nature of "ancient history" nowadays, and, as such, our English Parnellites would have some excuse, perhaps, for declining to notice the recapitulation of them. Articles in *United Ireland*, however, are not ancient history, but modern journalism; and when we find this delightful print extolling the acts of Father JOHN MURPHY, declaring that his name is "ever memorable and ever dear to the adherents" of the grand old cause that was physically fought out at "Vinegar Hill, and perpetuated in various ways to the present hour"; when we are told that "he is living still in the spirit," and that "there are priests in our country to-day who are no unworthy representatives of the glorious 'leaders of Vinegar Hill'—why, it might be thought perhaps that here at least is matter demanding the attention of the eminently respectable humanitarians who form the main strength of Mr. GLADSTONE's party in this country, and that they would naturally desire to dissociate themselves in the most pointed manner possible from such infamous extravagances of journalistic truculence. But no. They cannot answer Colonel SAUNDERSON, and they remain silent, though their silence when such outrages as these are printed by the most popular organ of their Irish allies renders them every whit as fully and as disgracefully responsible for them as though they had been displayed in the eminently decorous columns of the *Daily News*. The answer for the present, therefore, to the question Who fears to speak of '98? seems to be that it is neither the Irish Loyalists on their side nor the Irish Nationalists on theirs; but that the English Gladstonians somehow do not care to join in the conversation.

Neither do they care to say much about several other recent incidents in Ireland—the death of Captain PLUNKETT for one. They were but little behind the gutter journalists of Irish Nationalism were our respectable Gladstonian friends in abuse of that zealous and fearless officer in his lifetime; and they are apparently divided now between the shame of keeping silent about a man whom they know, in that small corner of their minds into which the spite of partisanship has not penetrated, to be eminently worthy of the respect and honour of his countrymen, and the shame of doing tardy justice to a man whom they joined his foul-mouthed slanderers in pursuing with vituperations. They have had to say something, and they have said as little as they could, about Captain PLUNKETT's career of faithful and strenuous services; and they have said nothing at all about, what was very probably the cause of his death, the ferocious assault made upon him a year ago by a ruffian at a Youghal riot. No one can, of course, affirm with positive certainty that a savage blow struck on the head of a middle-aged man, leading a life of anxious work,



and involving considerable exposure, has accelerated his death; but there is, at any rate, no little likelihood of this having been the case, and there is a peculiar indecency in the scepticism expressed on the point by the loud-mouthed exploiters of the MANDEVILLE imposture. Another matter, to which only the most shameless of the Parnellite organs in London has ventured upon any reference, is that of the attempted "dynamite" outrage at Woodford. We have not quite got to the point of justifying these methods of carrying on the war (though we don't know what may happen; and Mr. GLADSTONE, perhaps, had better be polishing up his casuistry for application to the Sixth as well as to the Eighth Commandment), and the only course open to Parnellism, therefore, is to discredit the whole story. Whether their theory is that some wicked person placed a keg of blasting powder, with an elaborate arrangement of chemicals attached for igniting it, in an empty house, with the view of compromising a virtuous Nationalist party; or whether they deny that there was any keg of powder, or any chemicals, or any empty house, we do not precisely know. But, inasmuch as the story is a very circumstantial one, inasmuch as it is given on excellent authority, and only conjecturally contradicted by journalistic "witnesses" of about the same sort of weight and respectability as the gentlemen who used to promenade Westminster Hall with straw in their shoes—we are of opinion that the English public are amply justified in attaching at least provisional credit to it. And our advice to the Gladstonians is that, instead of casting about to prove that the "infernal machine" has not been introduced as a new weapon in the holy war against landlordism, they should assume that it was, and devote their time and energies to devising excuses for its introduction. Perhaps they will hardly contend that an attempt to blow up a sheriff and a large party of the Constabulary is other than illegal; but perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE may be able to make out that it is not im- but only extra-moral.

In the meantime they may find excellent practice for their casuistic powers in dealing with the following little incident—an incident so illustrative of the monstrosity of the Ministerial assumption that justice is difficult to obtain in Ireland by "ordinary" processes of law. At the Munster Winter Assizes the other day, at the trial of four men on a charge of moonlighting, MARGARET TWOMY, the prosecutrix, who, in her depositions before the magistrates, had sworn that she was attacked by three men, who bound her hands with cords and ransacked her house, now stated that the prisoners were not the men who attacked her. On being asked by Mr. Justice MURPHY whether she had not previously sworn that they were, she replied that she had, but that "she was out of her senses then." As she adhered to her second story, there was, of course, nothing for it but to discharge the prisoners, who would go forth, as his lordship observed, "men of tried innocence," and as the counsel for the Crown ironically added, "without a stain on their characters." Mr. Justice MURPHY suggested a prosecution for perjury; but it would be hardly possible, even if a conviction were to be obtained against her, to punish this unfortunate woman very severely for the crime of yielding to intimidation. Perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE will turn his attention to the case and consider whether something cannot be said for those who intimidated her. Even we ourselves, unequal though we are as a rule to the handling of the Gladstonian *distinguo*, can see our way, we think, to the right hon. gentleman's probable line of apology. Intimidation of anybody, for any purpose, is of course a deplorable and reprehensible thing; but whether in this case it admits, we will not say of defence, but of extenuation, will depend upon the object with which the intimidation was practised. Now, it was practised to prevent the Irish Executive from punishing three men for moonlighting, and it is clear that, if the English Government (whose servant the Irish Executive is) be itself morally responsible for the existence of moonlighting, the prosecution of these moonlighters becomes indefensible, and the irregular means taken to defeat this prosecution are excusable. Now, that the English Government is morally responsible for moonlighting, Mr. GLADSTONE is no doubt prepared to prove by a process identical with that by which he so triumphantly demonstrated the moral responsibility of Ministers for the Plan of Campaign. Hence the final judgment of the moralist on this incident is that, though the men who terrorized MARGARET TWOMY into perjuring herself cannot perhaps be held wholly blameless, the main burden of the guilt of that proceeding rests upon the shoulders of HENRY II.

#### THE TIMES ON M. COQUELIN.

IT is neither kind nor true to say that if the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* knew a little about politics he would know a little about everything. He would not know a little about M. DE BANVILLE's comedy of *Gringoire*. The piece is more than twenty years old, it is as familiar as any modern drama to French playgoers, and it has been acted frequently in an English adaptation, the *Ballad-Monger*. M. COQUELIN, on bringing his sheaves with him as a new kind of thrifty prodigal son, chose to reappear at the Comédie Française in GRINGOIRE. It is a favourite part of his, though perhaps his rendering of the starving poet has more humour and less romance than M. DE BANVILLE intended. The *Times* Correspondent, *solus contra mundum*, describes it as "an absurd piece," which is about as good criticism as Mr. SAMUEL PEPEY's remarks on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "It exhibits a gingerbread LOUIS XI., very inconsistent with 'the great historic figure of the King,' but not so inconsistent, we think, with PHILIPPE DE COMINES, and the other contemporary account which, as the Correspondent ought to know, is derived from QUINTUS SCOTUS, called D'URUARD, a version preserved in the *Chronicon Trotcosiense*. The Correspondent, indeed, spares us this erudition. He does inform us that *Gringoire* was written for M. COQUELIN, in which case M. DE BANVILLE must have been very complacent to M. COQUELIN when a lad of twenty-two, for *Gringoire* is of 1865. A great deal of water, and not a little blood, has gone under the bridges since then. The Correspondent ungallantly adds that Mlle. REICHEMBERG "has been a long time playing 'the artless girl.'" As M. LEMAITRE says, this lady cannot help it. At the age of fifty she will still believe that little boys are found under cabbages, and little girls under rose-trees. Nobody is so young, and nobody else is so innocent, as Mlle. REICHEMBERG looks. The second piece was the *Dépit Amoureux*, written by POQUELIN for M. COQUELIN, with a severe part, that of a Duenna, for Mme. SAMARY, née BÉJARD.

#### PORTUGAL AND ENGLAND IN AFRICA.

NO Englishman, we trust, will be silly enough or discourteous enough to treat with any want of respect in form the reply of Senhor BARROS GOMES to Lord SALISBURY's protest against the decree creating the new province of Zumbo. A man, even if he is not a Minister, is bound to back his own side. But, giving Senhor GOMES every credit for doing his duty as a patriot and an official, we are bound to say that a weaker set of pleas to establish possession we never read. Throughout Mashonaland "these well-served ruins raise their heads," says the Senhor, in reference to one of his witnesses, the existence of ruined fortalices. Throughout Senhor BARROS GOMES's argument certain claims raise their heads likewise. They are certainly ruins; but are they well preserved? We confess that, after making every allowance for possible prejudice on our own side, we cannot think so. The Portuguese Minister's arguments reduce themselves to about four of any importance, which are—(1) LOBENGULA's authority is not, or was not, universally recognized throughout the district which he is supposed to have conceded. (2) Portugal has recently made considerable exploring and other expeditions about this district. (3) She has always resisted the claims of other nations. (4) Her own date back to a cession of the Empire of Monomotapa in 1630, itself the outcome and formalizing of a series of conquests extending into the sixteenth century. To the first of these, it can only be replied that no native chief we ever heard of probably had what an English, or even a Portuguese, lawyer would recognize as plenary authority to transfer the allegiance of his so-called subjects, and that this disqualification is quite certain to have weighed as heavily on the Emperor of Monomotapa in the seventeenth century as on LOBENGULA in the nineteenth; to the second, that it is *nihil ad rem*, Africa having been traversed of late by exploring parties of all kinds and nations; to the third, that even proof that you have always said a thing is yours is not proof that it is yours. As for the Empire of Monomotapa, even if we admit the validity of the cession, and forbear to lay too unkindly stress on the almost confessed absence of any attempt on the Portuguese part to administer the country or build up the well-preserved ruins since, we still have the almost insuperable difficulty of determining what the Empire of Monomotapa was. Senhor BARROS GOMES has not produced the very

slightest evidence of its extending either from sea to sea or over the district recently covered by the rival schemes. On the contrary, the best historical atlases, not constructed or published by Englishmen, limit the ancient possessions and conquests of the Portuguese to pretty much the same coast strips as are still recognized, and recognized with considerable generosity, as theirs. That travellers, hunters, ivory-dealers, slave-dealers, of their nation frequently, in the seventeenth and early eighteenth century, if not later, made their way from the Guinea coast to that of Mozambique, or *vice versa*, is exceedingly probable, or rather quite certain; but this could in no sense give possession.

The simple fact is, of course, that, but for the extension of English enterprise from the Cape northwards, for the lodgments effected by the Germans, and for the formation of the Congo State (against which, by the way, she brought out precisely the same antiquated and invalid claims), Portugal would never have dreamt of making any solid or serious demand to be served heir to the Emperor of Monomotapa, with leave to locate Monomotapa (which unluckily, as every man of letters knows, had become early in the eighteenth century itself a cant word in one European nation, at least, for the land of Nowhere) in any part of Africa which might come handy. As to the well-preserved ruins, HER MAJESTY might just as well—indeed, considerably better—lay claim to Syria and Arabia because she is the representative of Duke ROBERT and King RICHARD, and there are a great many ruined crusading castles from Edessa to Jôf. What the result of this wrangle will be nobody knows. But the best result for the Portuguese would be that they should receive from England an acknowledgment of their title to as deep a strip of the coast land as they can fairly claim, and should in return finally renounce pretensions which, even if Great Britain acknowledged them, they have neither capital, nor energy, nor colonizing and commercial instinct enough to enforce profitably for themselves. As for English statesmen, their duty is simple and clear; it is to keep at all costs a fair-way in the centre of the continent for English expansion northward.

#### TITHES.

WHATEVER else the Government may attempt next year in the way of legislation, a well-considered and resolute effort must be made to pass a Tithes Bill. It is an extremely troublesome subject to deal with, no doubt. Hitherto every endeavour to dispose of it has ended in failure; and there is no possibility of settling it to the contentment of everybody, or even without additional irritation to some. In that respect, however, it is no more of a nuisance than other lively questions; and as the tithe dispute now stands, it is the disguise of so much political rancour, the instrument of so general a spirit of lawlessness, the occasion of so much suffering, that it must not be allowed to drag on any longer without a determined effort to settle it, regardless of votes. It is now ascertained (and a meeting held this week has shown it more clearly than ever) that no scheme of settlement that can be invented will exclude offence to some considerable body of persons or other; and therefore the right thing to do is to frame and force a plan which, in the first place, shall be most accordant with the principles of common justice, and, in the next, shall content the greater number of those to whom justice is not a matter of indifference.

This, no doubt, is the Government view of the matter. No exhortation need be addressed to that quarter; and it is a pleasure to observe that even since we last wrote on the subject—which is no longer than seven days ago—the prospect of success for a reasonable Tithes Bill has brightened considerably. It is not only in Wales that the trouble works, and not only in Wales that the poorer clergy have suffered extreme privations through the difficulty of collecting tithe. In England they have suffered too, and that in a measure which the general public has little notion of, though much of their well-concealed misery has been dragged to light in the clerical journals. But the difficulty of collecting tithe has not been the same in both countries. For by far the most part at any rate, the English clergy have simply fallen under the common misfortune that has impoverished landowners and ruined farmers—the misfortune of a long period of “low prices.” If many an English parson has been brought to the deepest distress through the non-payment of tithe, it is not so

much because of unwillingness to pay, but sheer inability. In Wales the whole condition of things has been entirely different. Though the farmers of that country have had some bad years too, “agricultural depression” has weighed upon them far less than on the English farmers—who, it must be confessed, are neither so managing nor so thrifty. It may be much to the credit of the Welshmen, therefore, that they have been better off; but it is not to their credit that, being better off, they have distinguished themselves by withholding tithe in a violent, lawless, and signally cruel way. At this moment the excuse of inability has quite disappeared with a general revival of prosperity; but the Welsh farmers still refuse to pay their debts, still keep that part of their rent called tithe in their pockets, and so bring out into clearer light the more effective motives of refusal. Things must go by their right names; and therefore these motives must be described as excess of thrift (otherwise greed), and Nonconformist hostility passing into rancour under the ferments of political hate. The first of the two motives works out in practice as robbery: robbery with violence when legal process of remedy is resisted. This, when organized, and when inflamed by the second motive, becomes a common danger. It becomes yet more of a danger when leaders of Opposition and other authoritative political persons lend it their favour; and so it is that the tithe conspiracy in Wales is so eminently conspicuous, imperatively calling for treatment not less courageous than discreet.

We may hope with considerable confidence that this it is to have. Yet only a few days ago the difficulties of dealing with it seemed to have increased very sensibly. The conclusion of nearly all impartial persons who have studied the matter is, that nothing can be done without taking the collection of tithe out of the hands of the clergy and ordering its direct payment by the landlord instead of by the tenant-farmer. Lord SELBORNE'S volunteer committee—as competent a body of men as could well be brought together—takes that view. The temporary and incomplete measure which was laid before the House of Commons last year was opposed from the Government benches, by and on behalf of tenant-farmers, because this solution was not embodied in it. Now it is understood to have been adopted by the Government for its proposed new measure. Upon all this a conference of landowners was held at Rhyl to consider the question; and immediately afterwards it was reported in the newspapers, and more particularly in the *Times*, that the meeting had revealed a lamentably obstructive spirit. The landlords, it was said, had shown a violent indisposition to accept the business of collecting the tithe. When a resolution was proposed to the effect that “the passing of an Act dealing with the tithe question in a “comprehensive spirit is most urgent,” it came out that “only on one point was there complete unanimity of opinion”—namely, that a Tithe Bill which laid the burden of collection on the Welsh landowners was an impossibility.” The chairman, Sir RICHARD BULKELEY, was reported to have made a vigorous attack on the clergy “which was continued for “the remainder of the proceedings”; and in the end the landlords carried a resolution declaring that the particular requirement of Wales was not a Tithe Bill but a Church Discipline Act! When this account of the meeting appeared in the Welsh newspapers it excited a furious commotion amongst the clergy; when it was reproduced in the *Times* by one who was present at the Conference, and therefore not likely to be mistaken, the commotion was increased; nobody doubting that in Wales at any rate Conservative landlords were in full revolt against what is universally taken to be the fundamental principle of the Government Bill. Little by little, however, we have since learnt that these reports of the Conference proceedings were singularly erroneous. The Correspondent's statements have been contradicted all round. He referred to Mr. P. PENNANT as amongst the selfish and obstructive. This gentleman declares his astonishment at the *Times* romance; averring more particularly that, “with two exceptions, “I believe the whole Conference was unanimous in “the opinion that the tithe rent-charge should be paid “directly by the owner.” Sir RICHARD BULKELEY, the chairman of the Conference, expresses an equal amazement. To the best of his recollection, “only one speaker said he “thought that transferring the onus from tenant to landlord “might cause friction between them.” Sir RICHARD has not set his face against the transference, and, indeed, has himself offered to relet farms to present tenants on the understanding that he paid the tithe. Neither did he make



an onslaught against the Church, or the clergy generally; though it seems that he did point to cases in which the Church has been disgraced by particular irregularity and neglect, and he wishes there were speedier and simpler means of purging out the offenders. To this all good Churchmen, and all good men of every denomination, will say Amen; and there is an end of the matter. The fact appears to be that two or three mischievous persons—if indeed there was more than one—chose, for purposes best known to themselves (and not likely to go further) to put about a scandalously incorrect account of what passed at the Rhyl Conference. It was unfortunately accepted as accurate; and for a while it really seemed as if the Welsh landlords deserved the reproach that was levelled at them from every parsonage in the Principality. Evidently it was all a mistake, to put the mildest explanation on the reports of "Our Welsh Correspondent"; and the mistake being cleared up, it is in the nature of things that squire and parson should proceed in this and other matters upon a more friendly footing even than before. What may have been intended by those who raised the storm, or whether they meant anything more than to be busy, we are still left to guess. But the storm will clear the air—has cleared the air; and, whereas it did seem likely enough while it was raging that the Welsh landowners had gone astray, misled by extremely false notions of self-interest, now we have a pretty full assurance that the only safe means of relieving Wales from a great torment and a gross scandal will not be opposed by them.

#### PROCESSES IN BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

THERE is no doubt that artists, or at least many artists, prefer "processes" to engravings of all kinds, in the illustration of books. Their motive is obvious. A wood-engraver necessarily fails to reach absolute exactness; he "cuts away" something delicate, and the artist is annoyed. His work is no longer his own. For this the remedy exists. Draw for the wood as the wood should be drawn for, in a strong and simple style. This was the manner of DÜRER, and we are daring enough to prefer DÜRER's manner to that of the modern book-illustrators. If it is desired to draw in a different way, though we still prefer the best woodcutting to process work, wood becomes no longer the proper material. It can produce work as delicate as Mr. WHYMPEL's copy of ROBERT WILSON's contemporary drawing of JOHN BUNYAN (in Dr. BROWN's Biography); but wood-engraving is not encouraged to reach these heights. It is being killed by processes. The artist rejoices; for here, by dint of photography, he has what he thinks an exact reproduction of his design. We are not so unkind as to agree with him. He ought to know; it seems absurd for the amateur to offer a contrary opinion, yet we are surprised to find artists so easily contented. If they draw in pen and ink, they have less reason to grumble than if they use washes. Thus, in Mr. ABBEY's designs for *She Stoops to Conquer*, the drawings are, undeniably, reproduced with great accuracy and effect. We may think that the copies have a scratchiness absent in the originals—that is matter of opinion. But a book like that is extremely expensive. The very best paper, the most careful printing, are needed. It is when processing of pen and ink is "democratic," is executed on cheap paper, that the results are less enjoyable. But it may be argued that on cheap paper woodcuts would print no better; and this may be true. The real difficulty arises when washes are used. The artist makes his drawing on a much larger scale than the processed reproduction. Consequently "passages," which may be all very well in the original drawing, come out in the printed book as distressing amorphous blotches of black. Open any book illustrated in this wise, and the odds are that you are confronted with the crude and shapeless "blotisque." For example, on the first page of a new story we find a small boy gazing through a gate, on which a beast of stone—probably a lion—is frowning. Behind this animal the shade is indicated by lumps of ragged black, with about as much gradation as that which is commonly applied to boots. On the frontispiece an elderly man in shirtsleeves is kissing a girl under a tree. Behind her is a shell full of ink exploding. Or, perhaps, it is a black cuttlefish, which, unlike the mailed turtle, "claps her broad wings" and claims the equal skies. There is no form, nothing but splashes of black, in this shade. We are not blaming the artist whose drawing, for all we know, may have been very

effective; but these are the results which the process gives. Again, there is a most distressing plaid-like texture in this kind of work, a texture uniform in the spacing of its chequers, and only gradated in depth of darkness. We find in books masses of what, we presume, is foliage, tinted exactly as black as a well-polished boot. Defects like this occur even in such French work as the illustrations to M. PIERRE LOTI's *Madame Chrysanthème*, though not to such a distressing extent. And the problem arises: How is it possible for the artists to regard such ill-distributed masses of blotch and such dismal plaid textures as representative of their own drawings? They seem to be well pleased; and, if the public is also pleased, while nobody but the disconsolate amateur is vexed beyond his patience, there is plainly not much use in protesting. A child with hair left in white, with a dark shepherd tartan face, and two black currants for eyes, may be an agreeable object in the opinion of the majority. There is no help for it, unless publishers will take pity on the remnant who have not bowed the knee to the BAAL of Processes, and will publish a small edition of any readable book without any illustrations at all. When the outline of a woman's arm is presented as a black, thick, woolly, smudged, irregular line on one side, dwindling into unoutlined plaid pattern on the other, the interest in the heroine who owns the arm evaporates. It is not fair on the heroine! Possibly the "process" may be improved; perhaps it is only in its infancy; at present it often reduces designs, whatever their actual merit, to the very decrepitude of art. Possibly methods which are legitimate enough in brushwork must necessarily become hideous deformities when reduced and photographed through some kind of fine network. But, whatever guesses we may make, and however processes may be improved, nothing will explain how artists come to be satisfied at present with such deplorable caricatures of their own performances. Art and machinery, we think, are necessarily antagonistic—at least, as a rule—and when processes have killed engraving, perhaps the world will awake to lament a lost art, and to censure fallacious mechanical reproductions. Meanwhile, we presume, engravers are starving—a pleasant, economical makeweight to the delights of shapeless blots of black and specimens of plaid pattern. Compare any processed book with WALKER's initial letters to *Philip*, with LAWLESS's, or Mr. SANDY's, or Mr. TENNIEL's drawings, in the old *Once a Week*, and the decline will seem, not fall, but catastrophe. Meanwhile we are not criticizing the merits of the artists' original designs, but merely the way in which "processes" libel and caricature them.

#### THE FIGHT WITH THE TRADES-UNIONS.

THE prospect of the threatened strike among the gas-workers has materially improved during the week. It appears much more likely than it did that this most deliberate and unjustifiable strike will be beaten, and well beaten, and quickly beaten—which will be an excellent thing for the community at large, in the first place, and ultimately for the whole body of workmen themselves. Nothing in the considerable mass of talk and writing on this subject which has appeared since we gave our opinion on the tyranny of the Trades-Union Committees last week has been of a nature to modify the view we then expressed; but it does look as if the reaction we foresaw to be inevitable is coming rather sooner than had appeared likely. It is at least very probable that certain elementary facts are making their way steadily into general comprehension. One of them is that the Trades-Union Committees are fighting for their own hand exclusively, and that by means of misrepresentation, personalities, vulgar swagger, and intimidation. The decidedly riotous proceedings at Peckham Rye last Sunday have done something to spread that truth. Friends of the people who knock down and brutally kick "respectable-looking" elderly workmen for saying that a certain sum is not bad pay have put their blackguardism beyond dispute. When further it appears that 2½d. a ton amounts to three or four pounds a week, it becomes equally clear that there is no shadow of right to public sympathy on the part of the coal-workers. They, at least, are not in the position of the dockers. The discovery that the Gas-Workers Union was saying the thing that is not when it said that the thousand workmen who accepted the South Metropolitan Company's terms afterwards repented of the acceptance, and that the Coal-

Porters were also inaccurate when they asserted that all the employers in their trade had accepted the terms demanded in the meeting of last August, has done something to "enlighten the public conscience." Another fact has involuntarily been demonstrated by Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE in the course of his exertations on behalf of the strikers at Silvertown. It is this—that highly-strung emotional persons of loquacious piety hold that their services in the cause of the poor (considered at a comfortable distance, as an excuse for raising subscriptions and as raw material for rhetoric) entitle them to dispense with all regard for accuracy, charity, and fairness in dealing with individual employers. A third fact, of even more importance than these two, has been demonstrated at Silvertown and at Manchester. It is that the brag countenance of Trades-Union Committees is apt to grow very long when they are faced with a little courage. They soon begin to whine, as the Manchester Committee are doing, over the hardness of heart of ratepayers who will not help them to bully the Town Council. Finally, the most important fact of all has been well rubbed into the public by the insolent bullying of Messrs. MARK HUTCHINS and his brother "executives." It is that the safety and comfort of Londoners will be at the mercy of a handful of fussy wirepullers, if the Gas-Workers and the Coal-Porters Union have their way. Therefore, being enlightened in its conscience, shocked in its morality, spirited up in its courage, and scared for its comfort, the public may possibly stiffen its backbone, and give the "executives" a lesson.

The first results of this improvement in general tone in London are the revival of common sense in Scotland Yard and the revival of courage among the workmen. The authorities at the head of the police do really seem since Monday to have gone back to the old theory that the duty of the force is to protect all men and not only those whose votes may turn out to be useful to the Home Secretary, and to prevent riot, not to wait for it. Somebody, or something, has made them understand that the Committee, which has got some thousands of men under its control so completely that it can make them, though working at widely separate places, "down tools" at the word of command, when the downing of tools is illegal, requires watching when it is engaged in forcing on a strike and is using threatening language. The measures which ought to have been taken to protect the Dock Companies, and the men they did contrive to secure, have been taken to protect the South Metropolitan Gas Company. Police have been sent to protect their works inside and out. It may be that the force will not be needed, for the strike leaders have arranged with the managers that the outgoing men shall evacuate the works in such a way as to avoid any contact with those who are coming to take their places. In this the Union Committee has shown a commendable spirit—the only pity is that the display should have been delayed till after the arrival of the police. More hopeful even than the rather tardy awakening of Scotland Yard is the manifest revolt of a large portion of the workmen against the dictation of the Committees. The thousand who had agreed to the Company's favourable terms have stood by their contract, and it is now known that there will be no difficulty in replacing those who have been called out by the Union. The Company has easily secured as many men as it wants. At Woolwich, too, the gas-workers who had gone out on strike have found their places filled up with ease. It is obvious that, as long as men willing to work are protected, no difficulty will be found in securing gas-workers, even without having recourse to the extreme measure of lending soldiers to the Companies, which is not a thing to be lightly done, for many reasons. There is, in fact, no strike at all, in the proper sense of the word. A certain number of gas-workers have left their employment, and have been replaced by others; but that is not a strike. What there might have been, what there may be yet if the police or the Company lose their nerve, is an attempt on the part of certain wirepullers, supported by a misled mob, to interfere with the freedom of employers and workmen alike. That is quite another thing. It is simply an abuse of power which it is the duty of the State to suppress. It is not the less its duty because the attack is directed against a private Company, and not against the Corporation, as is the case at Manchester. The firmness of the employers, the men who support them, and the police has its natural counterpart in the obvious confusion among the leaders of the Union. The refusal of Mr. HUTCHINS and his fellow-committeemen to allow their particular fight to be managed by outsiders, for their own honour and glory,

is something more than an example of the unwillingness of British working-men to follow leaders of their own class. It is a proof of the desire of working-men leaders to keep whatever honour and glory may be obtainable to themselves. Also it is a sign of the little belief they have in the honesty one of another. Messrs. BURNS, MANN, and TILLET must find a disagreeable difference between the rather fulsome adulation of the LORD MAYOR and the conciliatory gentlemen at the Mansion House and the rude language of their brother sons of toil. Nor will the gas-workers in all probability benefit much by the help of the coal-porters. This body of workmen has just made a good arrangement for itself, and, though it may brag about what it will do to the South Metropolitan Gas Company, we shall wait to see what comes of the bragging before deciding that it is to be anything serious. The leaders of the coal-porters and their allies are not wholly ignorant of facts. They know that the burden of a strike would fall first and heaviest on their own class, which is far more dependent on gas and the power of obtaining coal in small quantities than any other. For that reason alone they would find it difficult to secure general obedience. The lightermen, too, are clearly of opinion that they have struck often enough, and would risk too much by striking again.

It is thought right, we see, to talk of this dispute as a disaster, and to lament that extreme measures were not avoided. This language is more creditable to the heart than the head of the persons who use it. No doubt it would be better if all mankind were wise and temperate; but they are not. Too often, as every copybook knows, they do not do the right thing till they are driven to it by disagreeable experience. The trades-unions are distinctly in want of a lesson as to the road they should take, and this is as good a time to give them one as another. Therefore, we think that the challenge they have issued should be accepted, and the fight fought out. It is, no doubt, true, as LORD MONKSWEIL (who seems candidly surprised that a trades-union can be unreasonable) has pointed out, that these bodies have helped by their interference to convince employers that it will be for their own interest to treat their workmen handsomely. If the unions had not threatened to become tyrannical, the employers might not have come to see that they would gain by standing to their workmen on more humane relations than the mere exchange of wages for work. This may be counted to them for righteousness; but now that the lesson has been taught and learnt, now that employers are beginning to offer fixed engagements, and a share of profits for prolonged service and good work, the unions are not to be excused if they attempt to prevent men from obtaining the boon simply because it may diminish, or even remove, the need for their own organization. That would be a piece of noxious tyranny, and should be fought with every legitimate weapon.

#### PROVINCIAL MUSEUMS.

IN connexion with the chance which has thrown into the hands of the WHITWORTH Trustees something like 150,000*l.* to expend on the foundation and arrangement of an Art Gallery for Manchester, a pamphlet has been issued by "A Manchester Man" (CORNISH: Manchester), which is very well worth the attention of those whom it may concern, both in that city and elsewhere. The dangers of such a sudden influx of wealth may be said in the particular circumstances to be almost equal to the difficulties of no wealth at all. And as the fashion of such benefactions (call them ransom or what you will) appears to have set in, it is particularly desirable that some general idea of what is best to be done with them should set in likewise. "A Manchester Man" by surveying what has been done, and giving some hints as to what should be done, has done good service to a cause which almost all men of brains and cultivation, whatever may be their opinions on politics, religion, education, social progress, and all the rest of it, must have at heart. Whatever is disputably good, it is indisputably good that there should be within immediate reach of every dweller in an almost necessarily unlovely manufacturing town, and within not very distant reach of every dweller in its neighbourhood, a collection of beautiful things. In such a collection it may be said that there is hardly any possible evil. You may look too much on the wine when it is red, no doubt, and you may "turn," as Mr. BROWNING says, "to yonder girl that fords the 'burn,' with results distressing to the moralist. It is



said that you may read too much, which, though we should be slow to believe it, we are prepared to admit as possible. But we do not believe that there is a proved case of any one going to the dogs from too much frequenting of galleries. The "Manchester Man" sketches pleasantly enough the various stages of museums—the odds-and-ends stage, the stage of an imposing building, Gothic, Palladian, or what not, as the case may be, constructed with a view to anything but the contemplation of its contents—and the more ambitious stage of recent times, when a generous emulation has tempted some local persons to buy at fancy prices examples of contemporary or other art which happened to be fashionable or to appeal to their own tastes. It is no wonder that he decides that all ought to depend, and that all does depend, on the director, or that (with some well-deserved praise to Cambridge) he selects Dublin as the type of the happy museum which has got the right director. That Mr. HENRY DOYLE should be taken and cut up into little stars for the benefit of all places requiring such persons is a truth now perfectly well known among all persons who possess *connaissance de cause*. But it has, perhaps, not been so generally realized that the essence of Mr. DOYLE's success lies in the fact that, small as his resources are, he has been allowed his own way, and has been permitted to buy when he likes and to save when he likes. A large sum of money at command, with generous local patrons of art anxious to fill the gallery and earn themselves a name, does not, we fear, suggest a similar success as immediately probable. But the "Manchester Man" (whose only fault is that he quotes Sir J. C. ROBINSON too much) points out ways in which a good deal may be done while waiting for good hap at auctions. And we should add ourselves to what he says that still more may be done by cultivating the unfashionable. The great difference between a committee of amateurs and a director who knows what he is about (unless he is also a man with a mania) is that the first are almost certain to go in for fashion and the second is not. And, immense as has been the dead-lift in prices of works of art during the last generation, every student of picture sales knows that fashion has still very much to do with it. To every buyer for a museum of limited, or even of large, resources which comes late into the field the two golden words are "Bide your time" and "Buy what other people are not buying." That is what a local committee can, in most cases, be very hardly induced to do. Meanwhile galleries of really intelligent structure and arrangement can be got ready, series of casts and photographs and photogravures can be arranged, all manner of infinitely useful but exceedingly inexpensive work can be done. The process may not be exciting, like the giving of big commissions and the drawing of big cheques. The selection of the director (though there are now far more competent men at disposal than there were not long ago) may not be easy. But by taking this course many provincial towns besides Manchester may hope, though perhaps not on so great a scale, soon to have a chance of laying something like a solid foundation on which a more and more useful superstructure can be gradually built. By taking the other plan an excellent way of achieving "follies" is afforded. The gallery "folly" may be briefly described. At the beginning it costs some thousands, and is admirably described in all sorts of paragraphs and articles; but the latter end thereof sometimes ought to be a curtain tightly drawn, and is too often astonishment, if not hissing.

#### THE FRENCH DEPUTIES.

THE Chamber of Deputies has been clearing the way for whatever work it may do after the Christmas holidays by preliminary labours of a kind fortunately unknown to the English Parliaments of this generation. It has been deciding on contesting elections, and has been discharging this duty much as the House of Commons did in the times of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE. This our readers know to be another way of saying that it has been giving its decisions with a strict regard to politics and no regard whatever to evidence. The rule it follows is quite intelligible, and was, in fact, our own in days before the House of Commons wisely handed a kind of work it habitually did with gross partiality over to the judges. The majority of the Chamber is Republican (for which, merely for purposes of comparison, read Whig), and the rule of its conduct imposes itself at once. When the member whose election is disputed is a Republican (Whig), he is uniformly declared duly

returned, even if his majority is only of ten votes. When he is reactionary (read Tory), his election is found to have been vitiated in some way or another, even though he had a majority of a thousand. A pretext, of course, must be found, and accordingly one is forthcoming. It is the intervention of the clergy. Whenever a curé can be shown to have even hinted that he would be glad to hear of the return of the Conservative it is enough. The election is at once declared void, and it is seldom difficult to find that the curés were in favour of the Conservatives. The Chamber has no objection to the intervention of the clergy in elections, provided it is made on the right side. It loudly applauded the Republican clergy in Corsica, who exerted themselves to promote the return of M. ARÈNE. It then proceeded to unseat a Corsican reactionary returned by a neighbouring constituency because some of the clergy of his district, who were not Republicans, did for him what had just been declared to be admirable when done for M. ARÈNE. There is certainly one respect in which the French Chamber of Deputies of to-day copies the English Parliaments of the eighteenth century with striking fidelity, and even betters their instruction.

The decision the Chamber would give on the return of General BOULANGER could not be doubtful. It was undeniable that the votes given for him were thrown away. He was at the time of the election, and is now, under sentence by a Court which may have been formed for political purposes, but was unquestionably duly constituted. He had been condemned to imprisonment for life and deprivation of civil rights. Therefore he could not be a candidate, and was thus, in theory, if not in fact, in much the same position as Mr. JEREMIAH DONOVAN, who calls himself O'DONOVAN ROSSA, when he too was elected to the House of Commons. Whether, if he was not elected, his opponent, M. JOFFRIN, was, seemed not equally clear. But, as M. JOFFRIN received the necessary proportion of votes, the Chamber took a strictly legal course in declaring him duly returned. The debate to which the vote gave rise did not even profess to deal with it as a legal question. On both sides what was argued was, not the technical legality or illegality of the voting, but the virtues of Boulangism and the sins of the Parliamentary Republic. If it appears excessive to say that there was argument in the case, then let it be put that there was a great deal of assertion and counter-assertion. The scene in the Chamber, which for the rest fell below expectation, could not alter the General's position, or leave him less free to deliver his promised course of lectures on Boulangism in the United States. M. CLÉMENTEAU's opposition to the return of M. JOFFRIN is only one more proof of how little the Radical leaders can sometimes love one another. The spirit which the Chamber has displayed throughout its examination of the returns promises well for Boulangism. It has been made very clear that the Radicals, though diminished in numbers, are still as much as ever masters of the Opportunists. All the promised moderation and fairness towards the Conservatives disappeared as the majority warmed to its work. Every pretence of conciliation was given up, and those Conservatives who had shown themselves willing to co-operate with a Moderate Republican Ministry have been rudely assured that no compromise is possible. The old rabid hatred of the clergy has broken out as strongly as ever. It has been shown that the new Chamber is much what the old was, and may be expected to behave as it did. The discovery causes us no surprise. When the Chambers meet we expect to see the old dreary round of unstable Ministries, angry wrangling, and financial mismanagement begin again, and we shall be greatly surprised if our expectation is not fulfilled.

#### SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S SPEECH.

THE students of the Royal Academy are to be complimented on the opportunity offered them of benefiting by the encyclopædic knowledge of their President. It has been made a reproach to such as draw and paint, that though they do not always know how to do these things, they never know anything else. Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON is a standing answer to this unmannerly jape; for not only does he know how to paint and draw, but he knows nearly everything else. Spanish history is not a subject frequently studied in this country, and the President of the Royal Academy is not officially bound to know

anything about it at all. Yet Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON before coming to Spanish art, which may be said to be his own field, exhausted the philosophy of Spanish history. He sent his students away with clear ideas as to the exact share Celtiberians, Iberians, Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths, Franks, Arabs, Moors, and several other peoples had in forming the Spaniard. Only want of space can have prevented him from discussing the curious questions connected with the Alan settlement in Galicia, the influence of the Jew, or the precise share of the gipsy in the formation of the Spanish people. He was so accurate that he carefully called ZURBARAN an Estremeño. We hope he did not puzzle his attentive hearers, and we admire the accuracy of the reporters, who were not a bit bothered by the President's tildes, or by the "cs," "js," and "zs," which he, no doubt, pronounced with unsparing precision. The President has even read QUEVEDO, and quotes him as if it was nothing.

On the whole, it is a pity that Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON spent so much time over the formation of the Spanish race before he came to Spanish art, and the very sound criticism he had to give his hearers about it. We could have spared much of his—to be frank—rather superficial, and necessarily second-hand, remarks on history, for the sake of a little more about the Gothic cathedrals, ZURBARAN and VELAZQUEZ. A little more about the influence of Moorish art (with a word or two about the Arab—a very different person) might have been exchanged for his egregious statement touching the Carthaginian strain in the Catalans. We are furiously afraid that this piece of information indicates the existence of very vague notions in the President's mind as to the exact nature of the Carthaginian power in Spain or elsewhere. If he is looking about for the ancient ancestors of the Catalans, we commend the Greek colony of Ampurias to his attention. Where does the Greek come out in the Catalan? When the President gets to art on his way down from the creation of the world, there is no more of this sloppy, though harmonious, talk. We could wish that he had not dismissed STIRLING MAXWELL quite so airily, nor accused FORD of overrating the Spaniards; but the President's own judgments were right enough. It is very true, as he says in his own eloquent way, that the Spanish genius in art and in literature is strong, and individual, and subtle, but terribly narrow. No critic can overlook the mark it made by mere dint of being so intensely national; but it had small power to originate and little power to teach. What it took from the foreigner it made its own, and it gave very little back. The mould of one kind of prose story, a handful of plots for comedies, some stage effects, make up its contribution to the literature of its neighbours. The two first-rate men Spain produced were Spanish enough no doubt, but they had no predecessors and they left no school. CERVANTES and VELAZQUEZ have had an immense influence, out of their own country, but it must be attributed to them, and not to their race, which never produced a second to either of them, and has not continued their work. That part of the President's speech which was devoted to VELAZQUEZ was all too short. In these days when his name is taken so frequently, if not in vain, at least very much at random, we should like to hear what a painter who has thought about his art has got to say when he is speaking all his mind on the subject of that famous piece of advice to the student to paint like VELAZQUEZ. Nobody seems to advise the young man to see like VELAZQUEZ; but, if he cannot do that, of what avail will it be to him to imitate brushwork? As yet the advice seems to have borne fruit in the shape of acres of canvas covered with nothing most dexterously painted. They paint the air, those students, and fill one's belly with the east wind. We grieve to have to add that the President wandered away from art at the end and turned aside to platitudes. He found fault with VELAZQUEZ as a man, because he thought too much of royal favour and allowed his duties as Aposentador Mayor to get in the way of his painting. Saving the reverence of the President, this is no better than nonsense. VELAZQUEZ, as a man, was a Spaniard and courtier of the seventeenth century, and lived as others did. What he took from his art for society and his Court duties was only his time after all. At the worst it was better than taking his heart out of it by painting waggon-loads of hasty portraits and ship-loads of potboilers, which is the equivalent error of the modern painter. Of the two, we prefer the mistake of VELAZQUEZ.

#### HEARINGS IN CAMERA.

THE joint opinion of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Mr. DIGBY, and Mr. DODD on the case submitted to them by Mr. GOULD, with reference to the judicial right of holding—or claim to hold—legal proceedings *in camera* is directly opposed to the recent ruling of Mr. Justice DENMAN in the case of *MALAN v. YOUNG*. Sir RICHARD WEBSTER and his two colleagues state that they know of no precedent for the exclusion of the members of the Bar or the general public from the hearing in court of such an action as the one in question, and that they are of opinion that, as the law now stands, the learned judge was not legally justified in excluding the general public or Mr. GOULD. At the same time they draw a distinction, as they might be expected to do, between an arbitrary or quasi-arbitrary clearance of the court at the discretion of the presiding judge, and "the exclusion of a particular portion of the public, such as women and children, from trials in which evidence of an indecent character is to be given." This practice rests, they observe, upon "long usage and upon principle" which in no way affects, in their opinion, the present case, and they entertain, therefore, no doubt of its legality or of the power of a judge to decide for himself as to its application.

This, however, is an incidental point. No one has questioned, or is likely to question, the judicial authority to clear a court in the circumstances last mentioned. It is the judge's general and arbitrary authority to do so—an authority claimed in such startling breadth of language by Mr. Justice DENMAN—that the authors of this opinion deny; and we must confess that, on the reason of the thing alone, their view commends itself much more strongly to the lay intelligence than does the dictum of the judge. But the argument from legislation is surely as much against Mr. Justice DENMAN's ruling as the argument from general principles. It is strange that, if such a power as the learned judge has claimed were supposed to be inherent in the judicial office, the Legislature—a Legislature containing quite the customary contingent of experienced lawyers—should have gone out of its way at the time of the passing of the Divorce Act to discuss the very question whether an absolute discretion to hear cases *in camera* should be conferred on the judge to be appointed under the statute. Parliament declined to grant the power, much, if we recollect rightly, to the dissatisfaction of the first Judge-Ordinary, Mr. Justice CRESSWELL, who, by way of protest, was said to have been chary of employing even the qualified power of exclusion, "resting upon long usage and upon principle," to which the signatories of this opinion refer.

For the present, however, there seems no possibility of obtaining an authoritative declaration of the law on this subject. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL and his two learned brethren hold that the order of Mr. Justice DENMAN under which Mr. GOULD was excluded from the court cannot be questioned by action in the courts or any similar legal proceeding. A judge of the High Court cannot, in their judgment, be sued for words spoken or acts done by him in the discharge of his judicial functions, and the officials who carry out his orders, given in the apparent exercise of these functions, have, in the opinion of counsel, a similar indemnity. No force was imposed upon Mr. GOULD, and he is consequently unable by legal proceedings questioning the punishment inflicted to question indirectly the order of which he complains. On the other hand, we hardly like to suggest that he or some other person holding his views, should, by resistance to a judge's order, compel him to inflict the penalty of a fine, though this, no doubt, would be the most convenient, if also the least decorous, mode of raising the question. There is perhaps, however, some reason to hope that, after what has happened in this case, the course taken by Mr. Justice DENMAN will not be followed by other judges in a similar state of the circumstances. Sufficient doubt will, perhaps, be considered to attach to the power claimed by the Bench, on the hearing of "*MALAN v. YOUNG*," to disincite a judge in future to assert it; and, in any case, we may expect that a fuller consideration of the question will convince the judicial mind of the inexpediency on public grounds of ordering cases to be heard *in camera*, for no better reason than that the parties are interested in withholding certain facts from the cognizance of the public. In the case of "*MALAN v. YOUNG*" the motive was no doubt a respectable one; but we have no security that it will be equally so in other cases. It is surely clear that, if it became habitual with judges to



authorize hearings *in camera* on private grounds, the practice would open the door to the worst abuses. There are, indeed, an indefinite number of cases for which at least one of the litigants would be glad to obtain a private hearing; and if, whenever he finds the other suitor accommodating or indifferent, a judge is to be at liberty to indulge his preference, there would be an end of all the safeguards which the present state of publicity is supposed to, and in a considerable proportion of instances undoubtedly does, provide.

#### LEAP BEFORE YOU LOOK.

THE consequences of jumping before you come to the stile have seldom been more neatly illustrated than by the case of BURNAND v. The National Press Agency (Limited) and the *Society Herald* (Limited). Whether the plaintiff's thought of bringing the action was altogether a happy one is a question which he can answer for himself when he has got his damages, or failed to get them. But Mr. BURNAND may conceivably have thought it worth while to stand a moderate shot for the sake of displaying to the world the pleasing vision of *Criticism as She is Wrote* in some quarters no longer nameless. One short week ago the world was in blissful ignorance of the *Society Herald*, its tricks and its manners. Even now there is some mystery about its origin and character. Why, for instance, is it "limited"? And what is limited? The circulation? The intelligence of the contributors? The expectations of the readers? Not, apparently, the courage to grapple with the unknown, or even the unknowable. It is whispered that, in the theatrical as in the political world, there are such feelings as hatred and jealousy. No doubt they are very rare. To read a book, or to see a play without any prejudice for or against the author or his work is scarcely human. But a wise man will allow his preconceived opinion to be modified, or even reversed, by experience, and a prudent man will not publish what he thinks until he has something to go upon. You may be perfectly certain, as the Virginian was in *Democracy*, that "that ass 'from Missouri' will make a bad speech. But you had better let him make it before you tell the world what you think of it, and of him, in the columns of a public journal. Sometimes prophecy may seem safe. It is, in reality, always dangerous. A critic may feel as certain that his pet aversion among the Royal Academicians will have eight bad pictures on the line as that he himself will be dunned for his bills at Christmas. But such sentiments come from below, and should be counteracted by that most difficult kind of scepticism, a refusal to believe the worst. It may be as much a matter of calculation that Mr. A. B. or Mrs. C. D. will write and publish a bad novel in the course of the next twelve months, if they live so long, as that Mr. GOSCHEN's minions will want to collect the Income-tax too soon. But we have heard of the patience of Job. That long-suffering man said, somewhat viciously, "Oh that mine adversary had written a book!" or at least the translators of the Authorized Version make him say so. Job did not say, "Mine enemy has not yet written a book; but I will 'take my pen, and sit down quickly, and write a slashing 'review of the book which he may be expected to write.' If he had, he would probably have rendered himself liable to the Courts of Uz; and, as he had no stock left to be seized, he might have gone to gaol.

The conductors of the *Society Herald* had no excuse for supposing that Mr. BURNAND would write a bad play, but they would not give Mr. BURNAND a chance. They rushed into print with a scathing article which appeared on the 5th of February last. "Mr. BURNAND," they said, or their theatrical young man said for them, "Mr. BURNAND has written the libretto; but I cannot say that it is very much more cheerful than his dismal 'attempts at wit to be seen weekly in *Punch*.' Most people have a parrot at home who could do it better than that. 'In fact,' this conscientious writer continued, 'to read the libretto by itself is a thankless and most unpleasant task.' It was so thankless, and so unpleasant, that the critic dispensed himself from the burden of achieving it, and only imagined how unpleasant it would be. For, while the notice of Mr. BURNAND's cantata came out, as we have said, on the 5th of February, the cantata itself only came out on the 7th. This awkward jumble of dates requires to be explained, though the explanation is simplicity itself. The piece was announced for the fourth,

but had to be postponed at the last moment for three days. Those three sweet days confused the fatherhood of the critical essay, and proved that it could not have been begotten by an earnest desire to speak the truth according to knowledge. Before you can conscientiously say that "ARTHUR CECIL tried very hard 'to be amusing as PICKWICK, but he did not 'by any means look the part,' you must have at least witnessed the attempt. But at the time when these words were penned, Mr. ARTHUR CECIL had not tried to be amusing as PICKWICK, "very hard" or otherwise. Nor was Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON "the best in the cast," or, at least, nobody had the right to say so. "It was possible," in the opinion of the *Society Herald*, "to laugh at some of 'his antics as well as at some of the dialogue which was put 'into his mouth; but this latter [? Mr. BARRINGTON's 'mouth] was such a contrast to the rest of the book that 'I doubt very much whether Mr. BURNAND wrote it at all." As there had been no performance, there could have been no gag, for gag without a performance would be like the grin without the cat. It was suggested, on behalf of the *Society Herald*, that this information might have been picked up at rehearsals. But it was not suggested that the critic was present at a rehearsal, or that he had any means of finding out what went on there, and he was not called. Moreover, Mr. BARRINGTON swore that there was no dialogue in his part, and that he did not make up any gag before the third performance. Thus the *Society Herald* first invented an imaginary state of things and then proceeded to comment upon its own creation in disparagement of Mr. BURNAND.

A clearer case of libel, as against the *Society Herald*, was never proved. There could be no question of fair comment, for there was nothing to comment on. But perhaps the most scientifically perfect part of the proceedings was the evidence of malice. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to prove that an ordinary criticism is malicious. However spiteful, however perverse, however unfair it may seem, it may nevertheless represent the actual views of the critic. But if a writer spins his reflections out of his own head, if he professes to be dealing with what is not before him and what he has not seen, then a personal attack must be malicious. The only legitimate source of an unfavourable judgment is wanting, and therefore the source must be illegitimate. It is true, and it ought to be mentioned, that the defendants subsequently apologized for having been "caught tripping." They were good enough to add that that was "no uncommon failing among journals." Now, when people admit themselves to have been wrong, the admission is a valuable one. But when they go on to assert that other people are no better than themselves, the assertion is of less interest and importance. In fact, such remarks are apt to be treated as surplage, as common form, as the kind of thing which must be said for the sake of decency. We should be sorry to think that the *Society Herald* had many competitors in the business of criticizing plays before they are acted. It is not possible, in this hasty and feverish age, for the dramatic critic of a morning paper to go quietly home and sleep over his impressions, and rise betimes, refreshed by slumber, to put his carefully matured thoughts on paper. He must dash off what he has to say at once, lest the other instructors of mankind should be beforehand with him. Such are the baneful effects of intellectual, or quasi-intellectual, competition. Sound criticism can only be infallibly supplied at intervals of one week. But "the little more, and how much it is, and the little 'less, and what worlds away." Between before and after the difference is one, as the logicians say, not of degree, but of kind. It is an interesting question what would have happened if the incriminated article, having been duly composed and set up, had been kept back till after the cantata was sung. In reality, the judgment on Mr. BURNAND's work would have been no fairer, and the animus would have been just as strong. But the difficulty of proof would have been immeasurably enhanced, especially as Mr. BURNAND, to quote from the apology, "was and is a complete and entire stranger to the conductors of" the *Society Herald*. It is quite possible, however, to dislike a stranger, especially a successful stranger.

If Mr. BURNAND, or "the gentleman," as the *Society Herald* quaintly calls him, had accepted the apology offered him, he might have encouraged the idea that such practices as that he complained of involved no pecuniary risk. In the haze which seems to hide the law of libel from the eyes of many journalists there is faintly discernible a lurk-

ing suspicion that an apology will always hold a man harmless. The error cannot be too soon or too forcibly corrected. It is for the party aggrieved to say whether he accepts an apology, and for the jury to say what effect should be given to it in estimating damages. An apology is sometimes a necessary part of a defence. It is even a defence in itself. The National Press Agency which has been mulcted in the sum of fifty pounds, has more to say for itself than the *Society Herald*. The *Society Herald* admitted having libelled the plaintiff, and paid ten pounds into Court. The amount was very properly held to be ludicrously inadequate; and the *Society Herald* may well be thankful that the jury did not give Mr. BURNAND swingeing damages. The National Press Agency did nothing except print the article, and fifty pounds is a heavy fine for that offence. There can be no doubt that, having undertaken to print the *Society Herald*, the Agency is legally responsible for any libels that may appear there. Its responsibility may be less technically justified on the ground that payment is received, and that therefore the Agency profited to some extent by the defamatory attack upon Mr. BURNAND. At the same time, there is a very broad and a very obvious distinction between this case and others which will readily occur. Where, for instance, an article is blasphemous, or improper, or plainly libellous on the face of it, the Agency should decline to have anything to do with it. But here the whole sting of the libel lay in the fact that the cantata had not been produced, and it is rather hard to expect that mere printers would make an inquiry into such a point. Baron HUDDLESTON examined one of the Press Agency's servants rather sharply on the abstract question what a libel is, and this somewhat barren inquiry has been extrajudicially pursued. The stale old maxim, "the greater the truth the greater the libel," has been trotted out once more. No doubt, a libel, if we are to speak by the card, need not necessarily be false. It is equally true that, etymologically, libel means "a little book." One piece of information is about as useful as the other. "Qui hæret in litera, hæret in cortice." In a civil action such as Baron HUDDLESTON was trying the usual and sufficient question, in the absence of privilege, is whether the alleged libel be true or false. It could not be pretended that an account of what had not happened was a true account.

#### HOLY TAFFY'S PRAYER.

NEVER in the world's history have so many and such awakening sermons been delivered in so short a time on the dangers of bad company as the Gladstonian party have been mutely preaching ever since the summer of 1886. The day when Mr. GLADSTONE first led them into evil courses was, for them, the beginning of a period of steadily progressive humiliation and demoralization, such as is hardly to be matched in any of the records of real life, and must be sought in the imaginative pages of the religious tract. The spectacle of these unfortunate persons dragged at their leader's tail from level to level on the downward path, the sight of the successive severance of link after link of their connexion with political respectability, has been quite painful—so painful, indeed, that we are tempted to wish that, if the sufferings of the victims cannot be shortened, their moral sensibilities might at least be extinguished. Why should Fate thus play, as it were, with their mangled characters as a cat plays with a mouse? Why, if the process of humiliation and demoralization must go on, should not the latter of the two be accelerated? Instead of being continually put to fresh shame by their new allies, and having to pass through a stage of acute discomfort until they become hardened, why not annihilate the pangs of humiliation for ever by demoralizing the patients absolutely at once? It is impossible to help wishing that some overdose of their leader's rhetorical anæsthetics—the Gladstone Pain-Killer, War-ranted to give Instant Relief to the most Agonized Conscience—might be accidentally administered to his followers, so that, if they must go on disgracing themselves, they may spare the spectators the uneasiness of observing that it gives them pain.

These, however, are vain aspirations; and, though they happen to have been revived in our minds by a paragraph in a Welsh Gladstonian newspaper, we do not at all mean to say that they are so strongly suggested by many other earlier incidents. We would not for a moment suggest that Mr. GEE, of the *Baner*, is as disreputable a political friend

as Mr. O'BRIEN, of *United Ireland*, or for a moment deny that the agitation for Disestablishment in Wales is respectability itself, even in spite of its association with the anti-tithe war, as compared with the movement which is supported by the Plan of Campaign. Still, we know that when the nerves are in a high state of tension, a comparatively minute irritant may produce a disproportionately potent effect upon them, and the English Liberals who have been so long on the "operating table" of Parnellism may be in the condition of that hospital patient who bore in silence the amputation of his leg, but shrieked when one of the dressers accidentally pricked him with a pin in adjusting the bandages. Mr. GEE's paragraph in the *Baner* may be the bandage-pin of the Gladstonians, and though they have submitted stoically to the disgrace of association with fraud, violence, and anarchy in Ireland, it may be that there are some among them who still retain enough of the feeling of reverence and the sense of the ridiculous to suffer acutely from the shame of an alliance with an eminent local leader, Mr. GLADSTONE's right-hand man of the Disestablishment campaign in Wales, who suggests in his newspaper the "desirability of praying 'the Lord for the immediate disestablishment and disendowment of the Established Church.'" One does not really know whether the comical element in this announcement prevails or not over the repulsive—so intimately united, so exquisitely blended are the two. If the smug Pharisaic self-assertion of the appeal disgusts for a moment, the ridiculous vanity of provincialism which inspires it promptly gains the upper hand. If it at first recalls the unlovely images of STIGGINS and CHADBAND, they are almost immediately afterwards displaced by the more sympathetically humorous figures of The Three Tailors of Tooley Street. But, though we can laugh at Mr. GEE and Mr. GEE's readers adding a special petition for Disestablishment to the supplication of the "universal week of prayer," we find it difficult to understand how any member of the Gladstonian party who would still like to think of himself as a man of education, of self-respect, of culture, and of that sort of feeling about sacred things which is revolted by the vulgar irreverences of the tub-thumper—whether in the tub or the newspaper—we cannot, we say, understand how any Gladstonian who would like to think thus of himself can contemplate his permanent association (and it is permanent association that he is in for) with Mr. GEE and the *Baner* without undergoing an agony of shame and self-contempt.

#### PRECIOUS STONES.

JONATHAN SWIFT was one of the greatest, and (despite what some rather weak-minded people have said of his misanthropy and the like) one of the wisest of men. But he did not specially show either his greatness or his wisdom in making obvious fun of the Yahoos for their delight in coloured stones. If beauty (and on no theory of beauty is this lacking in your gem), rarity (which is always presumed, if not certain), and withal a curious adaptableness to the display both of the ingenuity of the artist in arrangement and the decoration of the owner in wearing, be not *vera causa* of preciousness, there is no possibility of a theory of æsthetics. But, though all sensible people love precious stones well, and a few sensible people love them wisely, fewer even than this last number know much about them, or are even acquainted with their vast number and variety. This is partly due, in England at least, first, to the singular ignorance and want of enterprise until very recent years of the average jeweller; and, secondly, to the want of good books on the subject. These latter have been usually either strictly mineralogical treatises, hardly occupied with anything but the scientific aspect of the subject; or else "book-made" collections of anecdote, mostly stale; or, lastly, collections, equally book-made, by jewellers and other non-literary persons, concerned chiefly with the trade side of the matter, and frequently cumbrous in form. On the other hand, until quite recently likewise, the ordinary goldsmith-jeweller of English commerce was, even more than most English tradesmen, a mere seller of things over the counter, with hardly any scientific or artistic knowledge of them. He knew the more ordinary stones by name, and perhaps sufficiently by sight or some rough tests, not to be grossly taken in himself or to take in his customers unwarily. He could give you diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, garnets, pearls, opals, turquoises, amethysts, topazes, the ordinary stones used for seals, and perhaps an aquamarine and a cat's-eye now and then. But he would have stared if asked for a tourmaline, gasped at the name of zircon, been hard put to it to tell the difference between a spinel and a ruby, and said "Pish!" and "No," and "Not to be expected," if called upon for a chrysoberyl or a peridot. Even moonstones, common enough, and certainly lovely enough, as



they are, are quite newcomers in the windows of English shops; and the almandine, the handsomest of all garnets, and classical in the Laureate's verse, actually did not appear—we do not know whether it does now—in the first edition of the great English Dictionary of Dr. Murray and the Clarendon Press.

Now that there is more intelligent interest in the subject, that shops where either specimens or jewellers' examples of rare stones can be bought are not uncommon, and that even the ordinary jewellers have so greatly enlarged their repertoires, it has doubtless dawned on a good number of persons that every green stone that is genuine is not necessarily an emerald, and that a smoky-yellow one may be something more precious than a cairngorm. Not only such persons, however, but better informed ones, will find an exceedingly useful, unpretentious, and concise guide to the subject in a little book just issued by an American expert (*Precious Stones*. By M. D. Rothschild. London and New York: Putnam's Sons). There are a few misspellings and minor errors about it, and there may be some omissions—for instance, we find no mention of the pretty, if not very valuable, moroxite (illiterate jewellers sometimes spell it morosite), the peculiar green of which—the tint of winter spinach, the outer leaves of savoy cabbage, or some kinds of sea-weed—fills a gap in the chromatic scale of precious-stone colour. It is possible that it may be found by another name here; but such omissions are of no great importance, and it is fair to say that we have also missed moroxite in more pretentious works than Mr. Rothschild's. He begins with some general remarks on the qualities of precious stones, on the fashions of cutting them, on the ways of testing and distinguishing them, and so forth; but soon goes off into a brief catalogue, with notice of the appearance, capabilities, and *provenance* of most of the stones mentioned from diamonds to quartz. It may be most amusing, and not least profitable, to make a few desultory remarks which suggest themselves on this list.

It is probable that, though the phrase "spinel-ruby" is of old date, fewer ordinary buyers of jewels are aware of the difference between the corundum and spinel classes, not only of ruby, but of other gems, than in the case of any other differences of the kind. The actual difference is very considerable; for, while true corundum, of whatever colour, is almost pure alumina, spinel contains magnesia to the extent of nearly a quarter of its substance, and is much less hard than corundum. Yet it is probable that by far the larger number of stones sold as rubies are red spinels, and that not a few so-called sapphires are sapphirines or blue spinels. As for the emerald, it would be decidedly amusing to submit a scratch lot of jewellers' emeralds to mineralogical tests. Scarcely one would probably be found to be a green corundum, and not many, we suspect, to be the "true" emerald (which, differing therein both from spinel and corundum, is chiefly silica), and the rest green spinels, green tourmalines, green zircons, and Heaven knows what else. But when one passes from actual chemical composition and mineralogical quality to the question of beauty, it must always be very much a matter of individual taste what to prefer. Generally, no doubt, beauty does follow rarity, hardness (though not in the case of true emeralds), and purity of composition; but this is not always so. We have, for instance, known persons not generally considered ill-tasted who held the "balas ruby," or rose-coloured spinel, to be a much more beautiful gem than what is known as the true or pigeon's-blood ruby, and who certainly prefer the blaze of the green sapphire to the softer grass-green of the true emerald. Perhaps there is no greater unanimity than in respect to the ordinary or blue sapphire itself; nor, comparatively abundant as sapphires are, is there any stone in which the true colour is more clearly marked off from the watery shades of the lighter and the inky ones of the darker kind. The context of Dante's immortal line—

Dolce color d' oriental zaffiro—

gives one of the only two things which are like it—the hue of the sky at very early dawn; the other is to be found in certain human eyes. No flower has any such tint.

Two classes of very beautiful stones which have recently much increased in public favour are the cat's-eyes and asterias or star corundums. It is a great pity that the popularity of the former, which justly attaches only to the Ceylon cat's-eyes, or chrysoberyls, and to the much rarer corundum cat's-eyes ("sapphire cat's-eyes," &c.), should have flooded the market with cat's-eye quartz, or Hungarian cat's-eye, which is pretty enough at its best, but far inferior to the harder true kinds. Of the "star" stones, the star topaz is, we think, the rarest, and the star ruby, when it is good, the most beautiful; though few things can be much prettier than a star sapphire. The "star" is, of course, due to impurity or foreign bodies; but the substance of the stone is true corundum of the same composition and hardness as the transparent sapphires of different colours. In all stones which possess this quality of floating light there is a singular charm, whether they be the "star" stones, or cat's-eyes, or the lovely cymophanea "spot-chrysoberyl." Of alexandrite, the green chrysoberyl, which changes to red with artificial light, Mr. Rothschild seems to have a very high opinion; but we do not know that we have ourselves seen any very attractive examples of it. While we are dwelling on this division of stones, it may be worth remarking that the cabochon, or round-headed form of cutting, if it gives less artificial fire, seems to produce better colours than facet-

cutting. Everybody, for instance, knows, or ought to know, that cabuncle is merely a garnet cut *en cabochon*, and a garnet merely a cabuncle cut in facets; yet how much does the cabuncle excel the garnet in beauty?

Very beautiful, again, are the zircons or jacinths:—the latter name having long been familiar to literature, though the former is almost or wholly unknown to it, while "jargon" or "jargoon" (another synonym applied to the white zircons, which not unfrequently do duty for diamonds) is no doubt well known to letters in no very different sense, but hardly as a stone. The green zircon is particularly beautiful. Some people may be ignorant of the ingenious process which Mr. Rothschild describes of manufacturing odontolites, or sham turquoises, out of fossil teeth, and others may disagree with him when he laments that the opal was for many years "under the ban of superstition." As to its beauty (though no gems vary more) there can be no question at all; nothing looks so well in artificial light, and nothing accommodates itself so well to combination with other stones and to fantastic setting; but it is a superstition to talk of superstition. There are some pretty strong-minded people who are suspicious of opals, though they may not extend their suspicions to another object of the "ban," black pearls. To pass on, Mr. Rothschild is doubtless right (unless, as is sometimes done, all the corundums are called by the general name of sapphires) in saying that "no mineral has such a suite of colours as" tourmaline. We have seen extremely interesting sets of rings, with tourmalines of different colours arranged in a similar setting, and some of the shades—especially the smoky browns and brownish reds—are extremely curious and beautiful. Tourmaline trenches on that species—one very popular with the poets, but one to which it may be shrewdly suspected most of those who have used the word have attached no very definite meaning—the "entire and perfect chrysolite." For your chrysolite may be either a yellow tourmaline, or a chrysoberyl, or a true chrysolite—which is much softer than either, and which, as Mr. Rothschild, whom we are here unable to "control," mysteriously remarks, "are brought from Constantinople, but the precise locality where they are found is unknown." Probably it is Sinbad's Valley.

Mr. Rothschild does not often insert things of this kind, but his survey of precious stones is full of legitimate interest.

#### INFLUENZA.

THE mind of the public is at present somewhat exercised by the fear that ere long we may have this disease in our midst. This apprehension is not altogether without justification. The disease is now widely prevalent in Russia, Germany, and even France, and on many previous occasions when this has been the case our shores have been reached. The time of year would be unfortunate for its advent, especially in view of the weather we have lately experienced. The poison (of whatever nature it may be) which causes the disease selects principally the respiratory tract of mucous membrane for the expenditure of its virulence, and adverse climatic conditions would tend to increase its baleful effect in this direction. The word influenza is simply the Italian for our English substantive influence, a sufficiently vague title for a morbid condition. From the rapidity of its onset, and the large number of individuals almost simultaneously attacked, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it results from a poison floating in the air; and, when we add that its infectious nature is fairly well established, we have *prima facie* evidence of the presence of our microscopic enemy the bacterium. Until, however, our biological friends can give us more certain information on this point, the exact nature of the *materies morbi* must be looked upon as doubtful. There is probably no disease to which so few persons are insusceptible; indeed, one half, or even two-thirds, of a community are not unlikely to be affected during the course of a severe visitation of this kind. Hence, although it is far from being a fatal disease—we believe that not more than two per cent. of the cases terminate in death—yet the actual number of those succumbing to it is apt to be very large. Unlike other severe diseases of the zymotic type, it may be said, with an approximation to truth, to kill only the very young and those enfeebled by age or previous disease, particularly if this latter be one affecting the lungs.

Influenza is popularly supposed to be in some way connected with cholera, and to be frequently a forerunner of it, and this opinion was said, though it seems with incomplete correctness, to have the support of Professor Zchekaner, who has had much experience of both diseases in Russia. It is difficult to understand how any such connexion can exist, unless it be assumed that there are certain atmospheric conditions which are favourable to the development of both. Even this is quite hypothetical, as influenza may appear at any period of the year or in any weather. Whatever may be the truth in this matter as regards Russia, we see no reason to fear that, should the epidemic reach England, it would be followed here by one of cholera. The symptoms of influenza are clearly defined, and have been recognized for some hundreds of years. Two marked characteristics of it may here be noted: 1, that the amount of prostration in those suffering from it is much greater than the local troubles seem to warrant; 2, the suddenness with which those who become the subjects of it are struck down—this is so notable a feature of the disease that in France it is

called "la grippe," and in Germany "blitz-catarh." The last serious epidemic occurred in this country in 1847. The period over which it is prevalent is happily pretty sharply limited to about six weeks. Animals as well as human beings are liable to suffer from it, and hence, perhaps, the popular saying has arisen that, "if the cat has a cold, it will go through the house." Should influenza make its appearance among us, the best advice we can give those of our readers who may be attacked by it is to go to bed and send for the doctor.

#### THE GONDOLIERS.

**R**UDDIGORE certainly suggested that Mr. Gilbert had exhausted the resources of what it has become the fashion to call topsy-turvydom so far as his powers of invention were concerned. *The Yeomen of the Guard* was a new departure, and it was supposed that it had been made for the reason that Mr. Gilbert had come to the end of his tether in the other direction; but either the supposition did injustice to his faculties of imagination, or else rest has restored him, for in *The Gondoliers* he is almost, if not quite, at his best, and the realm again is that of topsy-turvy. The idea—an excellent one for the purpose—would have made a capital Bab Ballad. We do not know whether any one will have *Pinafore* recalled to his mind, for in that legend two children were changed at nurse, and here are two children whose nurse's ambition causes a mystery; but there is practically no real resemblance between the two stories, for neither Marco nor Giuseppe Palmieri is, in truth, the missing King of Barataria, though for a time it is believed that one of them is the rightful heir. Plots are often good in proportion to their simplicity, a circumstance on which we have previously dilated. If a story cannot be described in some half a dozen lines, it has intricacies which are likely to perplex on the stage in representation as they perplex in narrative. The story of *The Gondoliers* may be very briefly summarized. One of the two, Marco or Giuseppe Palmieri, is believed to be heir to Barataria; they have both married; but if either is king, he was married in infancy to some one else; so that there are two husbands and three wives, and mystery attaches to the problem who is at once king and bigamist. A very neat end is however provided, for it appears that the King of Barataria is quite another person, and that he has long been devotedly attached to the girl to whom he was wedded at the age of six months. This is the main story, the clever satire of a Monarchy tempered with Republican Equality being incidental. The verse which describes this form of government would be well worth quoting, but that Mr. Gilbert, who is so rarely slipshod, does not seem able to find a rhyme for "equality," and repeats the word. The fault of the dialogue, regarded from the popular point of view, is its supersubtlety: what seems simplicity to the keen, logical brain of the humorist, is over the heads of the average listener, or at least is not to be grasped without thought. This fault is not common in the new book, but it occurs. Thus, for example, Casilda, daughter of the Duke of Plaza-Toro, an impecunious Hidalgo who is being made into a limited company, loves her father's "suite," his drummer Luiz, the sole attendant on the impoverished Duke. Casilda learns that she was married in infancy to the Prince of Barataria, and, as he lives, Luiz and she must part. "Henceforth," she says, "my life is another's." The dialogue continues:—

LUIZ. But stay—the present and the future—they are another's; but the past—that at least is ours, and none can take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let us revel in that!

CAS. I don't think I grasp your meaning.

LUIZ. Yet it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me?

CAS. (*demurely*) I say I *may* not love you.

LUIZ. But you do not say you *did* not love me?

CAS. I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express—and that but ten brief minutes since.

LUIZ. Exactly. My own—that is, until ten minutes since, my own—my lately loved, my recently adored—tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee! (*Embracing her.*)

CAS. I see your idea. It's ingenious, but don't do that. (*Releasing herself.*)

LUIZ. There can be no harm in revelling in the past.

CAS. None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively.

LUIZ. Perhaps not!

CAS. We may recollect an embrace—I recollect many—but we must not repeat them.

LUIZ. Then let us recollect a few! (*A moment's pause, as they recollect, then both heave a deep sigh.*)

LUIZ. Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to the earth!

CAS. A quarter of an hour ago?

LUIZ. About that.

CAS. And to think that, but for this miserable discovery, you would have been my own for life!

LUIZ. Through life to death—a quarter of an hour ago!

CAS. How greedily my thirsty ears would have drunk the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter—well it's now about twenty minutes since. (*Looking at her watch.*)

LUIZ. About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

It is very funny, and, when read, is simple enough; but a considerable proportion of a general audience does not at once comprehend such dialogue, and so a whimsicality characteristic of Mr. Gilbert's peculiar humour does not receive its deserts. He is not incapable of falling into the other extreme; for the Duke's confessions of cowardice are too plain and simple-minded; but there is much real humour in the writing, and, as a rule, a very careful avoidance of what is trivial and unworthy—we do not

remember that a pun vulgarizes any part of the book. The verse, too, is frequently poetical, and it is charming to note the manner in which Sir Arthur Sullivan enters into the spirit of the lines. The Gondoliers' duet, "We're called Gondolieri," is light and gay, until a reference is made in the course of it to vespers and vigils and serenades, and then a shade of sentiment is cunningly suggested in the score by other means than a simple piano. The book is worth reading; though, with one or two exceptions, such as that quoted, the dialogue must be heard in the manner intended by the author—spoken on the stage—in order to be fully appreciated. Mr. Gilbert, as a rule, possesses the gift which is so valuable to a dramatist, of perceiving the effect that his words will make—it is only when the supersubtlety of which we have spoken in some of his other books comes to the surface that he loses for a moment his grip of the audience. The good ideas are discreetly handled and not overdone. The fantastic notion of turning the Duke of Plaza-Toro into a limited company is a case in point. A few sentences spring from the announcement. The daughter trusts that she may never be called upon at any time to witness her honoured sire in process of liquidation; and her mother admits that, "if your father stops, it will of course be necessary to wind him up." Otherwise little is heard of the Duke in his novel capacity until the excellent satire of the song in which Duke and Duchess describe the nature of the functions they fulfil, the Duke explaining how he secures honours to satisfy cheap ambition, advertises "ready made" tailors at whose manufacture she admits that Robinson Crusoe would jib; while part of the Duchess's confession runs:

I write letters blatant  
On medicines patent  
And use any other you mustn't.  
And vow my complexion  
Derives its perfection  
From somebody's soap—which it doesn't.

"It certainly doesn't!" the Duke quaintly echoes. The ladies who at once advertise themselves and soap are so familiar, and the business is so obvious and absurd, that it is a wonder satirists have had nothing effective to say hitherto.

Sir Arthur's music is unfailingly melodious, and the freshness of it, considering that this is his tenth opera, is quite extraordinary. Only very rarely indeed do we catch a faint echo of his own work in previous scores (at times we do so, it is true, but we will not quote and perhaps strain examples); still more rarely is there a suggestion of the work of any other musician, except when he purposely imitates—always with taste and gracefulness—the manner of a school. One of the most remarkable and delightful features in the score is its variety. Sir Arthur has a marvellous aptitude for fitting his music to the occasion, and can be gay or tender with equal ease and appropriateness, while he has always struck us as the one composer of the day, at any rate the one English composer, who can extract genuine humour from an orchestra. The long opening number is full of melody, and the Duke's entry with drum *obligato* is not to be heard with a grave face. The song of the Duke, *allegro marziale*, is without special value; but the ballad for Luiz is a little gem. In several respects the Savoy operas are far superior to any contemporary work of the sort, and this ballad furnishes an example. Mr. Gilbert has adopted the style of the seventeenth-century poet—though for some reason he has chosen to date the opera at a later period, 1750—and Sir Arthur has entered into the spirit of the words with wonderful feeling and refinement. Such work is, it may be feared, wasted on many hearers, but it will be cordially appreciated by those who have perception. Tessa's song, "When a merry maiden marries," is again an instance of sympathetic expression. It is bright, with just a touch of sentiment; while Gianetta's air, "Kind sir, you cannot have the heart our lives to part," is equally charming, though in some respects the reverse of Tessa's song in treatment—sentiment slightly predominates, but there is a light undercurrent of humour. So we come to the quartet, "Then one of us will be a Queen," a burst of unmitigated joyousness and fun, and surely the fortunate circumstance that Miss Jessie Bond was to be the representative of Tessa must have been in the writers' heads when the number was set down. Once more we find the happy blending of sentiment and the gentlest humour in the verses, with the beautiful refrain of "O my darling, O my pet," which the brides sing to their departing lords. And we have spoken of the melody and significance of the music without mentioning one of its chief sources of fascination—the instrumental scoring, full of grace, fancy, and suggestiveness. The horns have a deal to do that is always curiously effective; the other brass instruments are very seldom employed; but the wood wind is constantly called into requisition; and the writing for flute, clarinet, oboe, and bassoon will remain a model of what can be accomplished when perfect taste is united to a thorough mastery of orchestral resource. Passing on to the second act, we would direct the special attention of the hearer, if he be a musician, to the accompaniment of the tenor song, "Take a pair of sparkling eyes," a captivating melody in G flat major, six-eight time, the rhythm recalling the circumstance that Marco has been a gondolier, and so acquainted with barcarolles. The chords are exceptionally rich, and at the same time singularly delicate, wood wind being joined with *pizzicato* violins. As for the cachaça, the writing of it must have been an easy task for Sir Arthur; but it makes a great hit, as, happily, does the quartet, "In a contemplative fashion," which doubtless cost the composer a good deal of thought and



ingenuity. A suave melody, which suggests the quiet calm deliberation of which the two young couples speak, is the foundation of the number, and this is repeated *piano* as a trio, while each in turn comes forward and argues out, *forte*, the position of matters as affecting him or her. This leads to an outburst of temper on the part of the girls and remonstrances on that of the men, which suddenly dies away, giving place to a quiet repetition of the original theme. The quartet is in common time, the effect being gained by placing rapid passages of semi-quavers above the continuous subject, the dotted crotchets and quavers of which, somehow or other, seem to give an idea of the deliberative frame of mind in which the public is approached. An obvious point is strangely missed in the accompaniment of a very funny song that falls to the Grand Inquisitor, Don Alhambra del Bolero. He quite incidentally mentions toddy, and there is an irresistibly comic burst, as of bagpipes; a hornpipe sounds when the name of Admiral occurs, and there is a third verse, at the end of which we look for a third joke, but none is forthcoming. This is a palpable omission that should surely be supplied. The martial rattle with which Giuseppe's reference to a review is hailed is in the same vein. Perhaps the quintet "I am a courtier grave and serious" is a trifle reminiscent of the gavotte in *The Sorcerer*; but it is a most taking melody.

Mr. Gilbert's book is invested with peculiar point by the "business" which he has so ingeniously devised; for his adroit hand may be continually traced. He and Sir Arthur are fortunate in their exponents. Miss Ulmer has become a capital operatic actress since she has been at the Savoy, and she remains an accomplished vocalist. She is the Gianetta, and a most agreeable young Venetian she makes, while Miss Jessie Bond is the Tessa—that is to say, Tessa is the most vicious of contadine, full of fun, overflowing with high spirits, a smile on her lips, a sparkle of humour in her eyes. One is forced to follow her movements, for she is always *en scène*, and there is a peculiar spontaneity in all she does. She sings admirably, moreover, as does Mr. Pounds, the Marco, and he, too, has learned to act. Having Mr. Rutland Barrington for a companion is a very great help to him, no doubt, but he does his own share of the work, and does it very successfully. If Mr. Denny did not greatly strike us, we must admit that his natural quaintness is well displayed as the Inquisitor. Mr. Frank Wyatt, the Duke, acts with sprightliness and gravity, as the occasion demands; still Mr. Brownlow does better as vocalist than actor. To a great extent he seems to meet the author's idea of the Duke's "suite," Luiz. Miss Decima Moore made a very promising *début* as Casilda, and Miss Rosina Brandram does useful service as the Duchess. The scenes are notably picturesque and artistic. In every respect, indeed, *The Gondoliers* sustains the reputation of all concerned.

#### THE CATTLE SHOW.

ALTHOUGH the number of sheep exhibited at the Smithfield Club's Show this week is exceptionally large, there is a falling off in the entries, both of cattle and of pigs, compared with last year and the year before. In cattle more particularly the decrease is large, being compared with last year as much as fifty-three. At first sight this is not a little remarkable, as undoubtedly there is a lightening of the agricultural depression. Farming is, unfortunately, far from prosperous, yet there is improvement, and with improvement one might have expected an increase in the Show. The first reason, no doubt, is that the foreign demand for the best breeds of British cattle has considerably lessened the number of animals fit for exhibition. Another reason generally assigned is that those who send beasts to the Agricultural Hall, not with the hope of getting prizes, but in the expectation that they will sell for better prices than animals not exhibited, were disappointed last year, and therefore did not enter into the competition this year. For the objects to attain which the Show was established this is unfortunate. It tends to confine exhibiting more and more to those rich landowners and farmers who can disregard the state of agriculture at the moment; but, undoubtedly, so far as the present Show is concerned, it is an advantage, as it lessens the number of inferior animals. Taken altogether, the classes of cows and oxen are exceedingly good. There is an evenness of quality not often seen, and in consequence the competition was very keen. The Club has introduced two changes this year, both of which, we venture to think, are to be commended. In the first place, it has given prizes for Kerry cattle and the sub-varieties of the breed. These little animals are very valuable for their milk-giving qualities; and though, owing to their size, they do not carry very much meat, yet what they do carry is excellent. Besides, the breed is specially fitted for mountainous districts, and it is desirable that everything possible should be done to prevent it from dying out. The pretty little animals undoubtedly add to the attractions of this year's Show. The second change introduced by the Club is intended to ensure that the ages entered shall be the true ages. The policy of the Club for a long time past has been to encourage early maturity, and, aided by many other circumstances, it has succeeded. But there have been for years past complaints that the dentition did not accord with the returned ages. Accordingly, this year a rule has been adopted "that all cattle and sheep exhibited at the Smithfield Club's Show

shall have the state of their dentition examined by the veterinary inspectors previous to the judges making their awards. If the dentition is inconsistent with the age as given in the form of entry, the stewards shall disqualify such animals, and report to the Council." The operation of this rule has been to disqualify fourteen animals, and naturally to excite much dissatisfaction. Nobody charges bad faith; but it is clear that some means ought to be adopted to ensure that the stated ages shall be correct. At the annual meeting of the Club on Tuesday afternoon Mr. Bruce, of Inverquhomery, and others brought the matter before the members. Mr. Bruce, in particular, complained that an animal which he believed to be the second best in the Show, which was within the proper age, and had been brought all the way from Inverness, could not be exhibited. The Chairman replied that the matter had been referred to a special committee, and should be most carefully considered, with a view to amend the rule in a way satisfactory to the members. This is, of course, right. Nobody pretends that dentition is an infallible test. Indeed, it is not improbable that the influences which force early maturity may force dentition also. But, at the same time, it is clearly expedient that precautions should be taken to ensure that the return of ages shall be correct.

The awards agree more nearly with those of Birmingham than they often do. Particularly, the champion beast and its competitor were precisely the same. As at Birmingham, the Queen has carried off an unusually large number of honours. She sent to the Show altogether thirteen animals in the cattle classes, and all but one of these carry off a prize. She takes the championship of the Show, the Breed Cup for shorthorns, six first prizes, two second prizes, and four thirds. At Birmingham the Queen exhibited eight animals, and with these she won the championship of the Show, the Two Breed Championships for shorthorns and Herefords, four first prizes, three second prizes, two high commendations, and a reserve. This is an extraordinary achievement in a single year, and says much for the management of the Royal farms. As already stated, the champion beast at the Agricultural Hall and the reserve for championship are the same as at Birmingham. And a Devon Breed Cup is likewise awarded to the same animal as at Birmingham, but for cross breeds and for Herefords the Birmingham awards are not endorsed. As our readers are aware, the judging proceeds from the classes and breeds to the determining of the best ox or steer and the best heifer or cow respectively in the Show, and then to the selection of the best animal. Both at Bingley Hall and at Islington the same animals were selected as best ox or steer and as best heifer or cow, and between the two animals selected as such was in both cases the final competition for the championship. The former is a red and white-breasted shorthorn, bred by Mr. Bruce, of Inverquhomery, and exhibited by the Queen. It is a handsome beast, very broad over the back, and evenly fleshed; its age is between three and four years—exactly, 1,311 days—and its weight is 2,402 lbs., showing a daily gain of weight since birth of 1 lb. 13½ ozs. Its competitor was bred and exhibited by Mr. Clement Stephenson, of Sandford Villa, Northumberland. She is a pure-bred Polled Angus heifer, an extremely beautiful animal, aged two years, eleven months, three weeks, and six days. The length of time taken by the judges in giving their award, and the difference of opinion amongst the public, prove how nearly equal in merit those two animals were; and yet they differ greatly in appearance. The ox is a massive beast, weighing over 21 cwt., while the heifer is diminutive, weighing less than 14 cwt. But both are fine and beautiful specimens of their breed. All breeds were well represented, so far as quality goes; but, with the exception of Sussex and Highland cattle, all were much fewer than during the past two years. Shorthorns were not much more than half as numerous as they were twelve months ago; and crossbreeds fell off nearly one-third. The Devons did not show as much decrease as most of the others, and they were fine taken altogether. The Herefords were also very excellent, almost without an exception; and, indeed, the same may be said of all the other breeds, without running in detail through them.

The show of sheep, whether as regards numbers or quality, was one of the best that has ever been held. The South Downs were excellent almost without exception. There were no fewer than forty-seven pens of them, and all of great merit. The pen exhibited by Mr. Edwin Ellis, which carried off the championship prize, it would be difficult indeed to equal. The Hampshire Downs and the Shropshires were also of a high excellence, and, speaking generally, the long-wool sheep likewise were above the average of recent years. Amongst the pigs the Berkshires formed a fine show, the classes being large and even. But we are inclined to think that over-fatness is too much favoured. The breeders of pigs that put up lean meat complain that there is no use in sending animals to the Agricultural Hall, since judges nearly always award the prizes to the over-fed. Consequently, there is year after year a display of excessive fat, and too great an absence of kinds which are commercially most successful. We venture to think that the Club ought rather to discourage than encourage over-feeding, for the public taste at present is certainly not for excessive fat. We would add that, in our opinion, hardly enough attention is given to sheep and pigs by the Club. The sum offered in prizes at the present year's Show amounts to 3,240*l.*, of which 1,850*l.* was given to cattle, 95*l.* to sheep, and 90*l.* to pigs. Granting all that may be urged to prove the commercial superiority of cattle over both sheep and pigs, we submit that the prizes might be somewhat

more equally awarded. After all, the foreign competition with British pig-feeders is much more keen than with the flock-master or the owner of cattle. It is chiefly, indeed, in hog products, to use their own phrase, that Americans compete with us. Yet it is obvious that pig-feeding may be made an exceedingly profitable branch of farming. There is much food which would be utterly wasted on the farm unless it is given to pigs. The pig may, therefore, be fed at little or no cost for a considerable time, and if it were only for that reason it would surely be not impolitic to give all the encouragement which the Smithfield Club can give to breeders and feeders of pigs at home. But of course encouragement will be thrown away except it is guided by an enlightened judgment. What ought to be aimed at is the breeding and feeding of those kinds of animals which are commercially the most profitable. That is to say, those which do not quickly put up excessive fat, but rather those which put up lean flesh, and which arrive at maturity early. Sheep, again, are exposed to keen foreign competition. The wool-grower, indeed, has to meet the competition of the colonial flock-master, wherever he turns, and though the competition in mutton is not so great, it still is considerable, and is likely to increase. If, then, the giving of prizes by such Societies as the Smithfield Club has any effect upon the methods of breeders and farmers, it is surely desirable that the breeders and feeders of both sheep and pigs should receive somewhat more encouragement than they do at present.

#### RECENT CONCERTS.

**M.** BENOÎT'S *Lucifer*, which was performed at the Albert Hall last Wednesday week, was thoroughly discussed in these columns last April, on the occasion of its first production in England. Mr. Barnby was well advised in repeating the work so soon, for it is difficult to judge definitively from a single performance of the merits of a composition by an artist of so much ambition and claim to originality as the Flemish master. That the favourable impression created by the first performance was wholly confirmed cannot be asserted. *Lucifer* contains much that is charming, and occasionally even impressive; but the defects of the work, on the whole, are more than its merits, and it can only be regarded as showing a promise of better things. Whether this promise has been fulfilled there is no means at present of judging. The best parts of the work are undoubtedly the opening chorus—which is full of fine and dignified writing—and the solos and concerted music descriptive of the four elements. In his more elaborate numbers the composer's inability to develop his themes is continually apparent. His subjects are in nearly every instance melodious and appropriate; but the construction is so faulty and the development so poor that the general effect becomes, by constant thematic repetition, weak and wearisome. *Lucifer* was originally produced more than twenty years ago. It would be interesting to have the opportunity of hearing some of its composer's later music; for it is upon this that M. Benoit's ultimate reputation must rest. The performance last week, though not so good as on the former occasion, was, on the whole, satisfactory. Unfortunately M. Blauwaert, the Belgian baritone who created such a sensation by his singing of the title-part last April, was prevented by illness from appearing. His place was taken, at a very short notice, by Mr. Watkin Mills, who also sang the solos allotted to the Earth. It is no discredit to this conscientious artist to say that he was hardly equal to the double burden which he had to sustain. Mr. Ivor McKay sang the tenor music with taste; but the effect of the pretty solo of the Water Spirit was spoiled by its being taken too slowly. Miss MacIntyre and Mme. Belle Cole were the soprano and contralto; their singing of the Fire Duet was the most enjoyable number of the whole performance. The choral singing was, with but few exceptions, of great excellence; the precision of intonation and delicacy of tone being especially remarkable. The mocking laughter of Death might with advantage have been a little more fiendish; but the passages in which this occurs are among the least successful parts of the work, and what effect they make is lost by too frequent repetition. On the whole, the performance was one to increase Mr. Barnby's reputation; the work is hardly likely to become widely popular, but it is worth occasionally hearing, at all events until its composer produces something better to replace it.

Among the minor concerts of the last few weeks, the first place is due to the very interesting Recitals given at Steinway Hall by Messrs. Max Heinrich and Schönberger. The first of these, which took place on the 28th ult., was devoted to the works of Schubert, the pianist playing one of the Sonatas (Op. 42), and four of the Impromptus, and Herr Heinrich singing no less than eight of the composer's songs. At the second concert, on December 5th, the programme was made up entirely of the works of Schumann, while at the last, which is announced for next Tuesday, it is to consist of compositions by Brahms. Both artists are so well known as refined and cultivated musicians that their performances do not demand detailed notice, but a word of special praise is due to Herr Schönberger for not only appearing as a solo pianist, but also for accompanying all the vocal numbers. Accompaniments are unfortunately too often so atrociously played that it is altogether an event of exceptional interest when they are performed in such an admirable manner.

Sir Charles Hallé's second orchestral concert, which took place on Friday week, was better attended than the first of the series, though even on this occasion St. James's Hall was not as crowded as the excellence of the concert deserved. A further hearing of Sir Charles Hallé's Manchester band confirms the impression that its playing as nearly approaches perfection as anything of the kind which has been heard in London for a long time. Performances more excellent in every respect than those of the Entr'acte in B flat, and Ballet Air in G from Schubert's "Rosamunde," or than the Larghetto, Largo, and Allegro from Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, it would be difficult to imagine, and even a work of second-rate merit, such as Gade's *Hamlet* Overture, was rendered interesting by the manner in which it was performed. In addition to the works mentioned, Sir Charles Hallé played Beethoven's Fourth Pianoforte Concerto in his very best manner, the orchestra being conducted by Herr Willy Hess. The second part of the programme was entirely devoted to Dvořák's Third Symphony, a fine but uneven work, which was probably unfamiliar to most of the audience, though it deserves to be heard more frequently. All the performances at this concert were so good that it would be almost impossible to point out any defects; certainly no amateur should miss the opportunity of hearing such admirable orchestral playing.

The chief place in the programme of last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert was devoted to Mr. Frederick Cliffe's Symphony in C minor, the extraordinary success of which on its production at these concerts last Easter, and subsequently at a performance by the Philharmonic Society, was once more ratified on this occasion. The work is certainly a very remarkable one to proceed from the pen of a young musician who had hitherto made no especial mark, and it raises high expectations as to what he will produce in the future. If Mr. Cliffe only maintains the position this Symphony has won for him, his name will occupy a foremost rank among native composers. The only novelty in the programme was Goldmark's Overture to *Sakuntala*, an early and not over-interesting work by a composer whose music has never met with acceptance in this country, though it is highly esteemed in Vienna. The most remarkable feature of the work is the number of changes of tempo which it contains. Though by no means long, a list of twelve different tempi was given at the beginning of the analytical programme of the Overture. The pianist at this concert was Miss Marian Osborne, one of the most promising young artists produced by the Royal College of Music. She played in a thoroughly conscientious and scholarly manner Beethoven's Fourth Concerto and Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor. M. Blauwaert, the Belgian baritone, had been announced to sing, but his place was taken by Mme. Louise Pyk.

The chief interest at the last Monday Popular Concert lay in the appearance of Mr. Plunket Greene, the young bass singer who last month created so great a sensation in Berlin by his singing of German *Lieder* and selections from Wagner's Music-Dramas. Mr. Greene has made great progress since he first sang in public. His voice, which combines the rare qualities of great strength with beauty of tone, has become more even and more under control, and his vocalization and enunciation are singularly finished and refined. At Monday's concert he sang Brahms's "Feldesamkeit" and "Todessehnen," and Dr. Hubert Parry's "Fill me, boy, as deep a draught," three songs which were admirably adapted to show the versatility of his talent and his success in very different styles. His singing created a real sensation, and the audience would gladly have heard him again, but he wisely declined encores. Mr. Greene was fortunate in having so good an accompanist as Mr. Battison Haynes. The rest of the programme consisted of Beethoven's Quartet in F major, Op. 59, No. 1; Mendelssohn's Andante and Scherzo from an unfinished string Quartet; Boccherini's Sonata in A major, for Violoncello and Pianoforte, and Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, for Pianoforte Solo. The best performance was that by Signor Piatti of Boccherini's graceful and melodious work, which was greeted with loud applause. Mme. Haas gave a careful rendering of Beethoven's Sonata, but her style is not broad enough to do justice to so great a work.

The second of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's delightful Vocal Recitals took place last Wednesday afternoon, when the programme contained the usual admirable selection of old and modern music, all of which was performed in the admirable manner which makes these concerts so thoroughly enjoyable. Where everything was so good it is difficult to single out any one performance for special praise; perhaps Mr. Henschel's singing of Löwe's setting of "Der Erlenkönig" was the most remarkable feat, for the singer infuses an extraordinary amount of dramatic character into the composition, without ever sacrificing the purely lyrical element. The programme included four compositions by Mr. Henschel—namely, a very beautiful setting as a duet, in canon form, of Kingsley's "Oh! that we two were maying"; a setting of Goethe's "Schweizer Lied," "Uf'm Bergli"; a charming song, from an unpublished opera, *A Sea Change*; and a dramatic ballad, "Jung Dieterich"—all of which show the composer's talent to much advantage.



## MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE well-known epigram in which Talleyrand stated the exact character of the news of Napoleon's death might with absolute fairness be applied to the news of the death of Mr. Jefferson Davis. At any time before 1869 it would have been an event. Last week it was only a piece of news—more interesting, indeed, for the memories it revived than what usually comes from the dull struggle of place-hunters in the United States, but still certain not to have any practical consequences. The drama in which Mr. Davis played his part was as completely ended long before his death as the game of the Emperor was years before he died at St. Helena. Whether Mr. Davis's cause may not revive, as the Emperor's did, in some more or less modified form is a question not without interest. For the present, however, the fight may be said to have been fought out. If any man chooses to prophesy that it can never be begun again, it is impossible to prove that he is wrong. There is even a good deal of evidence, which cannot be shown to be merely superficial, that he is right. In any case, Mr. Davis's share in the struggle had been over twenty years before his death. He recognized the fact with the natural good taste of a brave man, who, having done his best, accepts defeat without whining. The Federal Government, under the influence, no doubt, of mixed motives, made it, after treating him with petty brutality, comparatively easy for its enemy to live in peace, and Mr. Davis availed himself of the opportunity with dignity. Without unbecoming recantations; without, indeed, by word or act, deserting his principles, he made no futile attempt to resist or escape the inevitable. He remained with his country in its day of defeat and suffering, as Lee did. He defended himself against his critics (not the least bitter of them were Southerners) in his history of the war. Three years ago he delivered a series of speeches, which were not, and can hardly have been meant to be, a bid for political office. With these two exceptions, however, he led a retired life, during the earlier years in business, and then on a plantation which was left him by will.

The leading facts of Mr. Davis's life have been so recently repeated in obituaries that it is not necessary to detail them again. He was in every way a typical Southerner. His father was a Kentuckian, who emigrated to Mississippi, and there acquired a cotton plantation. The son went through the usual training of a Southern gentleman. At the West Point Military Academy he received by far the best scholastic training which is to be obtained in the United States. He gave, in return for his education, several years' service against the Indians, in the Black Hawk war, and in the ordinary military police work of the frontier. When his debt was paid he left the service, and established himself on the plantation he had inherited from his father in Mississippi. In the natural course of things, he took to politics, which was once thought as much the regular career of a Southern planter of ambition and ability as of an English country gentleman whose energies were not satisfied with the management of his estate and routine country work. As a matter of course, too, Mr. Davis took the Southern side. He was a Democrat—that is to say, he believed that the Constitution of the United States was a bond between sovereign States, that the individual members of the League had not deprived themselves, indeed could not deprive themselves, of their sovereign rights, and that the Union could only be preserved as long as a careful balance of political power was maintained between the two great groups of States which were divided in interest by the nature of their social and industrial organization. Until the crisis came, with the election of Mr. Lincoln, the political history of the United States was contained in the struggle to maintain this balance. One of its phases was the Mexican War, undertaken, if not with the avowed intention that it should, yet most certainly with the hope that it would, lead to the extension of the area of the Southern slave-holding group of States. Mr. Davis, who had helped to promote the war, took a native share in it. He commanded a regiment of Mississippian volunteers, and at Buenavista showed some skill and eminent personal courage. After the war he resumed his work as a politician. For a time he was Minister of War, and showed undoubted administrative ability in office. But whether as Minister or as member of Congress, his great object was always to defend what he believed to be the rights and interests of the Southern States. When the election of Mr. Lincoln by a minority of the voters of the Union, and a minority of an exclusively Northern origin, showed that the South could in future be completely outvoted by its rival, Mr. Davis was one of the heartiest of those who held that the time had come for the exercise of the reserved rights of the States, and that the sovereign powers which had freely entered the League for certain purposes might now retire from it when it seemed certain that those purposes would no longer be served by its continued existence. The Secession followed, and then the war. While it lasted Mr. Davis's history was the history of the Confederate States of America. When it was over he ceased to have any public history at all. His personal influence was proved by the fact that he kept the lead to the last, and his administrative abilities by the fact that he presided over the creation of an army out of chaos, and kept that army efficient in spite of the utmost penury in money and stores; but the evidence for these truths makes a long narrative.

It is not, however, by his administrative ability or personal courage that Mr. Davis must be judged. He stands or falls by

the judgment which is to be passed on the Secession. It was largely his work, and if it was evil, then he must be condemned as a statesman. Any fair criticism of this, the most remarkable passage of American history, must distinguish between the wisdom of Mr. Davis's action and its technical justification. It is quite possible to believe that he and the school of Southern politicians to which he belonged had interpreted the Constitution of the United States correctly, and yet to doubt whether the election of Mr. Lincoln, by the help of the Abolitionists, was a danger which justified the extreme course taken. Virginia and other border States did doubt it, for they took no part in the Secession till they were called upon to assist in coercing the Gulf States. It is, indeed, hard to believe that fear of attacks by the Abolitionists was the chief motive which influenced the Southern leaders. Mr. Lincoln's party could only abolish slavery by an amendment to the Constitution, which would have required the votes of three-fourths of the States. Such attacks as John Brown's could do no real harm, and would as a matter of fact have been made easier and more numerous by a recognition of Southern independence. The whole frontier line would have swarmed with John Browns, and the hold of the slaveowner on the slave would have become as difficult as the incessant intrigues of the Abolitionists, no longer held in even a semblance of check by the Federal Government, could have made it. The possession of power at Washington would not have given the Abolitionists the control of an army, and it is in the last degree doubtful whether they would have secured any general support in the North, which showed no desire to free the slaves till it was thoroughly angered by the disasters of the war. It is impossible to believe that fear of what might be done to the South had nearly so much influence on the Southern leaders as the desire to carry out a policy of their own free from all control by the North. What that policy would have been is clearly indicated by Mr. Davis's own very candid declaration, when in prison at Fort Monroe, that, if the Secession had succeeded, it was his intention to have taken Mexico in hand. In short, he would have played, on a larger scale and in a more statesmanlike manner, the game played in Central America by the filibuster Walker. We do not know that, in a world which has been mainly brought to its present condition by fighting, there would have been anything particularly wicked in such a course. As a practical policy, however, it must be judged by the result. Mr. Davis, who never believed that the North would allow the South to go in peace, must bear the blame, whatever it is, of having deliberately provoked a struggle. We now see that he judged the forces he would have to contend against very ill; and there can be no doubt about the blame which attaches to that sort of mistake. The man who makes it may be daring, able, and honest; but he can hardly be called a great statesman. The first duty of one who is to be held to deserve that title is to see things as they are, and to calculate accurately. On purely technical grounds a better case can be made out for the Southern leaders. It has never been disputed that the American Constitution was the work of independent communities, which banded themselves together for definite purposes. What powers they did not confer on the Federal Government they reserved to themselves. They did not expressly resign their sovereign rights; and, even if they had done so, the resignation would only have affected the generation which made it. That at the time of the formation of the Union none of the States thought they had committed themselves to an indissoluble union is clear from the language of their delegates, and from the fact that Massachusetts threatened to secede during the war of 1812 with England, which it had exerted itself to provoke. Whether the doctrine of State rights, as it was defined by Mr. Calhoun, would have been as popular as it was in the South if that section of the Union had possessed the preponderance of power; whether the Southern leaders were justified by the circumstances in insisting on their legal rights; and whether they did not commit an act of signal folly when they chose to ignore the fact that the North and West, influenced like themselves by their manifest interests, had adopted a wholly different view of the meaning of the Constitution, are questions of conduct, and do not touch the question of principle. It is the common belief that the war has decided the dispute for ever. Perhaps it has, but perhaps, also, it has not. He would be a bold man, or one who had little cause to boast of his knowledge of human nature, who should decide that, if ever two sections of the Union of approximated equal power were again to find themselves strongly divided on a question which touched their interests closely, one of them would not soon be persuaded that J. C. Calhoun had read the Constitution aright after all. Not one war, nor many wars, can settle such a question. For the present, however, we hear nothing of the cause for which the Confederates fought. Between North and South it has been settled for the time being by the old-fashioned method of hard fighting. If it is revived, it will be on other pretexts and between other sections. It will be conducted, too, by leaders of a different stamp from Mr. Davis, who represented a social order and a class of politician which have disappeared for ever from the United States—whether for their good or not remains to be seen.

## EXHIBITIONS.

THE Fine Art Society is lavish in its frequent offerings to the public of small exhibitions of selected subjects. While the fine collection of pencil and crayon drawings, which we lately criticized, is still on its walls, the Society offers fresh attractions. The latest collection is of water-colour drawings from the brush of Mr. A. W. Weedon, explained in a chatty preface by Mr. Wedmore. The series is rather too uniform in treatment, the skies of cold greys and blues, the hillsides rather heavily treated, the tone in most cases kept in a low key; but the general public, as apart from the artistic public, will be likely to find considerable pleasure in viewing this exhibition. Mr. Weedon has selected his subjects from Scotland and from Sussex, two parts of Britain as different as possible, yet the general impression made by the exhibition is rather one of uniformity than of contrast. Mr. Weedon keeps persistently before him his fixed ideas of the rules of composition and harmony, without giving sufficient play to the charm of the accidental in Nature. But when he turns his attention heavenwards, he is quite carried off the feet of his theories, and is completely fascinated by his subject. He has treated in a simple and impressive manner some fine skies, with great banks of cumuli clouds rolling to landward, in "A Breezy Day, South Coast" (19); and in "Craig Tollie" (9), the smoke-like cloud settling down on a rocky hill-top is very impressively and skilfully handled; while "On the West Coast, Aultbea," (48), is a striking study, of a great stormy sky rolling over a peaky, dark blue, rocky range of hills. It is interesting, too, to see the several sides of a town, as shown here in the views of Rye, first taken from the marshes, and next in sunshine, and yet again with a storm clearing off. Arundel appears here as a fair and bland city, seen through a green mist. "Kilchurn Castle," looking forlorn and haunted, with its wide waste of water in 43, seems scarcely the same building when regarded from its other (57), its landward side, with the rough, rocky background. The "Waves on the South Coast" (56) come tumbling in in a good noisy fashion. The landscapes, with much detail, do not strike us as being so good, and the feeble trees in the wet "November Evening" (40) are not exhilarating to behold.

At Mr. Stephen Gooden's Gallery, 57 Pall Mall, may now be seen Constable's "A Lock on the Stour." This famous example, which is in remarkably fine condition, shows no sign of turning black with age, but is as luminous and lustrous as ever. Mr. Gooden proposes to publish a mezzotint engraving of this exquisite little masterpiece, which he has entrusted to Mr. Frank Short.

At Messrs. Shepherd's Galleries in King Street are still to be seen some interesting specimens of the English school of landscape, despite the fact of several pictures having taken their departure and gone into private keeping. A river piece by Constable, a wooded landscape by Crome, and a quaint view—said to be painted by Gainsborough, and to have been once in the possession of Horace Walpole—of the corner of a common, with a windmill perched on the top of an abrupt hill—these are all luminous and charming. A frame containing eight small paintings by D. G. Rossetti, illustrating scenes in the history of Tobias, are gem-like in colour. A small full-length portrait, said to be of Her Majesty at the age of three, by Stephen Poyntz Denning, presents a demure little maiden in the large bonnet and the spencer of the period. A large river piece by E. J. Niemann has recently been added to this collection.

## MONEY MATTERS.

THE Stock Exchange Settlement, and the near approach of the end of the year, have not prevented a further fall this week in the rates of interest and discount. At the Stock Exchange Settlement, which began on Tuesday, the demand was so small that bankers had to lend all that was required at about 4½ per cent. While the settlement was going on, loans were made till the middle of January at 4 per cent., and even less, and money was lent from day to day at 1½ per cent., and sometimes even as low as 1 per cent. At the same time the discount rate kept falling day after day, until it is now little more than 3½ per cent. It is remarkable that, nevertheless, much gold has not been withdrawn from the Bank of England. The rate of discount in Germany is from 1½ to 1¾ per cent. higher than in London; and in New York as much as 10, 12, and 15 per cent. is being charged for loans on the Stock Exchange; yet during the week ended Wednesday night only a quarter of a million in gold was withdrawn from the Bank of England. It is true that more would have been taken for Berlin, were it not that the Bank Directors raised the price at which they sell bar gold; but, as they cannot raise the price for sovereigns, it is remarkable that it has not been found worth while to withdraw sovereigns either for Berlin or for New York. Apparently the great financial houses all over the world are so desirous not to disturb the London money market that they will not take advantage of the better rates offering abroad to withdraw much gold from the Bank of England. How long this will continue nobody can say. It is believed now that gold will not be sent to New York, at least until next month; but there is an active demand for Germany and India, while it is reported that some of the metal will very shortly be sent to

Buenos Ayres. The influences which have been able to prevent gold withdrawals in inconveniently large amounts up to the present may prove strong enough to hinder them until the year has ended. If not, a considerable withdrawal may all at once put an end to the artificial ease, and may cause rates to bound up considerably. But, unless there is a gold scare, rates will probably remain low throughout the month; for the supply of money in the outside market is exceptionally large for this time of the year.

As we anticipated, there has been a recovery in the price of silver. The improvement in trade which is raising prices all round is necessarily acting upon silver like other commodities. And this influence is heightened by the buying of our own Mint, as well as by that of the French, Japanese, Spanish, and other Governments. Over and above all this, the silver party in the United States is intent upon compelling a larger coinage of the metal. Mr. Windom's plan disappointed the market last week, but the disappointment was partly based upon a misconception. We do not yet know what the action of Congress will be; but whether it adopts the Secretary's plan in some modified form, or simply increases the coinage of silver, a larger consumption of the metal in the United States must tell upon the market.

The extraordinary cheapness of money has led to a considerable investment in Consols by capitalists unable for the moment to employ their surplus funds more profitably. And as there are few sellers, and not much stock carried over in the market by speculators, the price advanced sharply. Speculative business, however, has been dull all through the week. Operators distrust the abnormal ease of the money market. No one, indeed, would be surprised if it were suddenly to give place to temporary stringency. Therefore, they are not willing just now to engage in new risks. And their unwillingness is heightened by several other circumstances. In the first place, the news from Rio is not encouraging. It seems clear now that the revolution was the work of military adventurers, and the beginning of *promunciamientos* in a South American State is not a pleasant prospect for investors. Therefore, there was a sharp fall in Brazilian securities of all kinds early in the week, and that fall influenced more or less every department of the Stock Exchange. Then, again, the crisis in the Argentine Republic grows acuter every day, and disquiets all holders of Argentine securities. Further, there are persistent rumours of impending revolutionary movements in Spain. And, lastly, the speculation on the Berlin Bourse inspires apprehension. The speculators, with the aid of the banks, have very skilfully tided over their difficulties month after month. But the difficulties have all the time been accumulating. And people are not sure that the operators will be equally successful at the end of this month. It is certain that money will be very dear, and it is possible that the banks may not be able to lend all that is required. It is probable, too, that the labour disputes in the coal trade may cause a further fall in mining shares, and may thus increase the difficulties. For all these reasons, speculators of late have been lessening their engagements. At the settlement this week it was found that the accounts to be carried over were decidedly smaller and decidedly fewer than they have been for some time past. Indeed, in some departments there was a scarcity of stock—that is to say, whereas lately speculative buyers have settlement after settlement being carrying over their accounts, this week there was scarcely any such carrying over in certain departments, and in many of the stocks. Therefore, it is clear that the stocks must have been bought by purchasers able to pay for them, and take them out of the market either with their own money or with money borrowed from bankers.

The decrease in speculative stocks carried over at the settlement was most marked in American railroad securities. For many months past American buying of these securities has been on a very large scale, and the securities have been, not merely paid for, but actually shipped to New York. It would seem, therefore, that at last this purchasing has nearly cleared off the securities held by speculators in this country. It is possible, of course, that English capitalists may have been buying quite lately. In any case, the speculators have got rid of their stock, and capitalists hold it, which is a source of strength to the market. And, accordingly, in spite of the dearth of money in New York, and the distrust here of our own money market, the American department is very steady. The market for British railway stocks is also strong, for the earnings of the Companies show week after week large increases. From the 1st of July to Saturday night last, to take the four greatest Companies, the Great Western and the North-Eastern had each earned 255,000*l.* more than in the corresponding period of last year, the North-Western had earned 247,000*l.* more, and the Midland 217,000*l.* more. The four Companies together show for the period mentioned an increase of 974,000*l.* over the corresponding period of last year. As it is not probable that the rise in wages, materials, and fuel will tell very materially upon the working expenses this half-year, it is natural to expect, therefore, handsome increases in the coming dividends; but next year it is safe to conclude that the higher wages and greater cost of fuel and materials will largely augment the working expenses. The great prosperity of the railway Companies in this country and in America make operators in the stock markets expect very active speculation as soon as the new year has fairly opened. And in foreign stocks and miscellaneous securities equal activity is looked for.

After the recent sharp fluctuations, the iron market has been quiet this week. The price is very little under sixty shillings a ton.



The consumption continues very large, and a period of great prosperity appears to be opening, if speculators do not again run up prices too quickly, and thereby prevent the American demand, which is otherwise sure to come next year. The copper market likewise remains quiet and steady, copper being about 50s. a ton. There are rumours that we are about to witness the formation of another syndicate, though recent experience, one would think, ought to have warned even the boldest against attempts to corner a great trade. The consumption of coal likewise is unusually large, and wages both in coal and iron are steadily rising. The silk market, in which there has been so great a rise, is very firm. So is the wool market. And, in fact, there is scarcely a commodity to be named which, under the influence of the improvement in trade, does not show a marked recovery from the depression of a few years ago, and a greatly increased consumption, with a rising tendency in price.

## SHADOWED AT LAST!

[MR. SHAW LEFEVRE is being shadowed by the Irish police.—*Daily Paper.*]

HE has gone, he has left me, I'm back at my inn,  
And sit down to my snug little meal,  
With the comforting thought that I now may begin  
Like a "rale" agitator to feel.  
With O'Brien and Dillon my lot I have cast;  
For I'm "shadowed," thank goodness! I'm shadowed at last!

How vainly to draw the Executive out  
Hitherto 'twas my fortune to try!  
Peter Schlemihl himself wasn't more put about  
By the want of a shadow than I.  
But I've got it at last, and I glory to know  
That my shadow will follow wherever I go.

Shall I own that at first it *did* give me a qualm  
That policeman behind me to see,  
Though my voice—or I hoped so—was passably calm,  
As I asked what he wanted with me.  
For 'twas just on the cards, it need hardly be said,  
That the "shadow" had come with a summons instead.

And for just that one moment of awful suspense  
I reproached myself much, I confess,  
For renouncing those tactics of wise self-defence  
That I practised last year with success.  
When, before my bold challenge to tyranny thrown,  
I arranged with the tyrant to let me alone.

Yes, for just that one critical moment I felt  
What a delicate task he has got  
Who would fain with his missiles a Government pelt,  
Yet provoke no return of his shot;  
Who oppressors with adequate fire would attack,  
And yet never make those oppressors hit back.

For you want to be fearless, you want to be firm,  
You want to use words like a flail;  
But you *don't* want—at any rate I don't—a term  
In a stupid ridiculous gaul.  
You don't want a diet that luxury loathes,  
And you don't—no, you *don't* want a change of your clothes.

But the constable, grinning, walked off, and, relieved  
Of my cruel anxiety's strain,  
I can feel that the object at last I've achieved  
That so long I have striven to gain;  
I shall simply be "watched" as a friend of the "Plan"—  
Aha! they've found out I'm a dangerous man!


Yes, yes! I'm a desperate turbulent dog  
As has ever a prison defied,  
And I fearlessly laugh, o'er my tumbler of grog,  
At its menacing walls—from outside.  
I'm a firebrand—in word, if not wholly in act;  
I'm a devil-may-care agitator in fact.


Poor H-re-rt and M-rl-y! that timorous lot!  
How immensely my fame will increase!  
I'm the only ex-Minister—hanged if I'm not!—  
Who's been watched by the Irish police.  
Ay, unless I'm mistaken, my rise will be fast;  
For I'm shadowed—thank goodness! I'm shadowed at last!

## REVIEWS.


## AN EGYPTIAN READING-BOOK.\*


NOTHING can better illustrate and signalize the progress of Egyptology in our day than the issue of the unpretending volume before us. Hieroglyphics were, till very lately, absolutely

unknown except to a very select few, and the worst of it was that no student desiring to learn could find any one to teach him. Taking our three great Universities—Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin—for instance, ten years ago, it was understood that one professor at the last-named "dungeon of learning" had a moderate acquaintance with what must, after all, be acknowledged as the parent of classical lore. When we remember that the alphabets of Phœnicia, of the Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Greek, and Latin languages, all took their rise in modifications of Egyptian hieroglyphics, this backwardness of the centres of education was the more remarkable. A great advance has been made of late, and he would be not only a bold, but an exceedingly ignorant and foolish, man who could deny at the present day, like Sir George Cornewall Lewis forty years ago, that the clue to the Egyptian language had been found. Not only has it been found, but it shows itself to have two qualities hitherto but little suspected to fit it for a place in ordinary education. In the first, it is absurdly easy to acquire some knowledge of hieroglyphics; and, in the second, even a smattering helps a student most materially in obtaining additional knowledge in any of the extensive fields above indicated. Most beginners, to take an elementary example, complain that in Hebrew it is difficult to distinguish at first between such letters as *ב*, Teth, and *מ*, Mem; but the difficulty is greatly lessened if they know that *ב* represents the  of

the hieroglyphics, while *מ* is the owl, . It is the same

with other letters, and still more so in Arabic, where *ا*, alif, is

the hieroglyphic , palm leaf, and *و*, waw, a modification of the

same little , bird, which also appears in the Greek *υ* and the Latin *υ*. Of course analogies like these may be carried too far; but it is a curious fact that our Roman letters are more like hieroglyphics than those alphabets which, though born much nearer the source of alphabets in Egypt, were filtered through the Semitic mind, and came into conflict with that dislike of pictorial representation which was so strongly manifested both among the Jews and the Arabs. By hieroglyphics it is that we account for the great difference in shape between A and a, or between S and the old-fashioned *f*, which last is simply the common hieroglyphic, neither more nor less. Two forms of serpents, one crowned, the other with a long tail, give us our *f* and our *z*. Our *B*, with "its two bow windows," is a hieroglyph, and our little *b* is another; but it would be only too easy to go through the whole alphabet in this way.

To come to Mr. Budge's book; we note with pleasure that, for some years past, it has been the custom for a few students to assemble during winter evenings for the study of Egyptology, and that Mr. Budge has been their guide. Four years ago he commenced operations by transcribing for their benefit the famous *Tale of Two Brothers*, a curious romance, which seems to embody some foreshadowing or reminiscence of the relations between Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, whom the Arabs name Zuleykha. Mr. Budge found that at that time no hieroglyphic text of the story was extant, the version in *Records of the Past* (ii. 137) having been made by Mr. Renouf direct from the hieratic text in the Orbiney papyrus in the British Museum; although in 1863, Mr. Renouf, as a contribution to the forward movement, now showing such signs of vitality, published the first six pages in the *Atlantis*, in ordinary English letters, as a proof of the scientific accuracy of the method of Egyptian decipherment then current among the best Egyptologists. Next Mr. Budge tackled the *Poisoned Princess*, and we regret to observe that in his opinion the story has no historical foundation, but is "a legend written for the purpose of glorifying the God Chensu, long after the period to which it purports to belong." The innocence of Anne Boleyn, the impartiality of Gascoigne, the archbishopric of Cornhill, the patriotism of Whittington—these and many other things in which we believed have been torn from us, and now Mr. Budge ruthlessly snatches away *Rameses XIII.* and his queen, *Raneferu*, and her demented sister; and the worst of it is he must be right. Next we come to the *Festival Songs of Isis and Nephthys*, also transcribed from hieratic into hieroglyphics, and some other religious texts follow. After these we have some specimens of authentic history, such as the *Inscription of Una*. In his notes Mr. Budge assumes that everybody is acquainted with the fact that *Una's* account of his travellers is the only historical text of any length which has come down to us from the remote age of the Pyramid-builders, and that it is, or was lately, at Boulak. Another, but much later, document of this kind is on the base of the obelisk at Karnak, which Queen Hatshepsu devoted to the memory of her father, *Thothmes I.*, of the eighteenth dynasty. We observe that Mr. Budge, in defiance of the pronounced opinion of Mr. Renouf in *Records of the Past* (xii. 127), gives the Queen's name as above, and not as *Hatasu*. We may assume that Mr. Renouf has modified his views. Several other historical texts follow, and then we reach philosophy, in the shape of the precepts of *Kakemna* and of *Ptah-Hetep*. Perhaps these passages are too difficult except for a very advanced class; and Mr. Budge prudently refrains from telling us which of his pupils, if any, succeeded in mastering them. It is a melancholy fact that, though these maxims are among the most interesting examples of ancient literature now extant, no English translation has ever been printed. In all Mr. Budge comprises nineteen very typical

\* *Egyptian Reading-Book*. By E. A. Wallis-Budge. London: Nutt.

texts in this volume, and we may presume he has more in store for us, as it concludes without notes, index, or glossary. With the same learned scholar's edition of the writing on the coffin of Queen Anches-Raneferab, and its admirable vocabulary, these texts need present no very insuperable difficulty to a student of ordinary assiduity.

## NOVELS.\*

THE experienced reader of Mr. W. D. Howells's novels is not likely to derive much satisfaction from the title *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. At first sight, it is, of course, hopeful; but no one who knows the greatest of American novelists is likely to feel any confidence that he can really have tried a new experiment and abandoned the method of reflecting human character by recording trivialities for that of arousing human interest by chronicling deeds of blood. And throughout a long volume and a half the meek person who had expected little would be justified of his scepticism. The particular hazard of new fortunes which seems to give its name to Mr. Howells's new novel is not the abandonment of those precious ways and principles of fiction of which Mr. Howells is at once the prophet and the chief practitioner, but the starting of a magazine at New York by two entirely modern American citizens called Fulkerson and March, round which fictitious enterprise Mr. Howells solemnly develops his types of humanity, quite in the old slow way. Fulkerson, the manager, is the person who exhibits the American language in the latest American style, and March, the editor, is the person who keeps thinking high-toned American thoughts and taking the reader into his confidence. In order to set the magazine going and edit it, March had to come and live at New York, with his wife and his two children. For this purpose it was necessary to find a suitable "flat," and it took them about a hundred dreary pages not to do so, most of their failures, including the final one, being described with a plodding, melancholy persistence, like a bad dream. Then the journal got afloat, and proprietors and contributors visited each other's drawing-rooms, and put their hands on tables, and talked about influences and tendencies in short and intense sentences, and so it went on, and on, till all of a sudden one of the characters was shot in a street row, and the title of the story is vindicated after all. After the shooting, Mr. Howells instantly relapses into his proper style, and does not again abandon it. Presently the story concludes, because it has got two-thirds of the way down the 332nd page of the second volume, and for no other reason in the world. Still, Mr. Howells has hazarded a new fortune. He has shot a man. Who can say what will not follow? The hazard does not go further at present. Therefore it may be as well to set forth some of the new gems wherewith Mr. Howells has adorned his native language in his old style. "Fulkerson, still smoking, tore off a piece of the half-yard of French loaf which had been supplied them, with two pale, thin dishes of butter, and fed it into himself." Happy Fulkerson! "Mrs. Leighton laughed too. Like every one else, she was not merely a prevailing mood, as people are apt to be in books, but was an irregularly spheroidal character, with surfaces that caught the different lights of circumstance and reflected them." "Most of the ladies were low neck—" March interposed, "Well, I shouldn't go low neck." The girl broke into a fondly approving laugh at his drolling. "Oh, I guess you love to train! Us girls wanted to go low neck, too; but father said we shouldn't, and mother said, if we did, she wouldn't come to the front of the box once. Well, she didn't, anyway. We might just as well 'a' gone low neck." The volume also contains two persons who talked in lingo. One was a German Socialist, who always substituted *b* for *p*, *g* for *c*, and so on. The other was a Virginian girl, who equally always said *ah* for *i*, and omitted all her *rs*, whether they ought to have been sounded or not. The man who was shot richly deserved it, because he was engaged in advising some rioters on strike to go home, in order that the strike might have a better chance of succeeding. March's hat was knocked off by a cab-horse, because he had been walking along without looking where he was going, and "he heard the horse's driver address him some sarcasms." A sort of self-made aesthete couldn't quite bring himself to offer his hand to the handsome, but stupid and uncivilized, sister of the man who had been shot, and she tried to scratch his face. March and his wife, in the course of wandering aimlessly about New York, "got a distinct pleasure out of the gnarled elbows that a pollarded wistaria leaned upon the top of a garden-wall." Also March made jokes and uttered epigrams; but whoever wants to know what they were must look for them in the book. It takes a long time to read, but—a man was shot.

A literary gent in one of Mr. Brander Matthews's short stories says, "A good idea for a short story is a shy bird, and doesn't come for the calling." Alas! alas! it is true. The French can call a great deal better than we can, but the Americans, it would seem, cannot. The best of Mr. Matthews's stories is the first,

\* *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. A Novel. By William D. Howells, Author of "Annie Kilburn" &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1889.

*A Family Tree; and other Stories*. By Brander Matthews. London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

*The Sin of Joost Avelingh*. A Dutch Story. By Maarten Maartens. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

*Eleanor Lewknor*. By B. Pullen-Burroughs, Author of "Nobly Won." London: Remington & Co. 1889.

about a tree which grew out of the bosom of a buried suicide, and behaved accordingly to his descendants; but, so far from being a short story, it is a long one, extending over some hundreds of years, and it suffers from the compression which Mr. Matthews puts upon it. It deserves to have a volume to itself.

All Dutch stories are dull, and they all have the sort of childishness from which no tale translated from Russian—not even Tolstoi's Russian—is ever entirely free. *The Sin of Joost Avelingh* is not free from this reproach. It is rather absurd, and makes one feel a little childish to be told on the first page of the story, in a footnote, that one must "pronounce" Joost "Yooost," with a 'y' as in yoke, not joke. This Joost was a melancholy man. He was brought up by his uncle, a Dutch baron, who bullied him, from mixed motives. The baron died, in Joost's company, and greatly to Joost's advantage, and Joost, who was troubled with a conscience, reproached himself for his behaviour, and the world subsequently reproached him, and therein are the makings of a story. It is all rather depressing, but also rather vivid. Whether the work is a translation, and if so by whom, does not appear. Whether it is or not, it goes to show that the Dutch are not the equals of the English or the French in the composition of contemporary fiction. As to the Americans—well, there are Americans and Americans.

*Eleanor Lewknor* is an English story, and a testimony to English progress. Years ago (probably Mrs. or Miss) B. Pullen-Burroughs would never have dreamed of writing a novel. Now, we have Board schools, and a press, both cheap and free, and she goes and does it. The story is long, laborious, and absurd, but, in short, it is interesting to the student of the effects of education in the scullery. From beginning to end the style and language are perfectly hopeless. B. Pullen-Burroughs's notion of entertaining *persiflage* is to substitute for "the devil" the paraphrase "a certain nameless gentleman of old standing, whom well-bred people avoid mentioning in society, however much they may invoke him, or worship at his shrine in the privacy of their homes." There are two young ladies in the book, Amy and Eleanor. B. Pullen-Burroughs is never tired of telling us how witty, brilliant, and entertaining Amy was; but she commits the fatal error of continually specifying the sallies relied upon to justify these laudatory epithets. Here is one:—"Aunt Julia gave me such an oration about the wickedness of adorning my frivolous pate with little dickybird's feathers, that this child has taken to toadstools instead 'was the vivacious rejoinder." This kind of thing goes on all through the story. The other girl, Eleanor, was cursed with a gigantic intellect—B. Pullen-Burroughs says so—and indomitable pride, whereby her relations with her grandfather, who kicked her parents out of doors before she was born, were much complicated. She was well off, and rode a great deal, but always at full speed. "Eleanor never seemed to let her horse walk." When she went into genteel society, and found a new man to flirt with, things fell out in this wise:—"You are a good whip, I know," Mr. Drummond went on, his eyes fixed upon Eleanor. Miss Coalstone, not caring to be ignored by the pair, retired with blazing eyes and curling lips. "Several persons present have mentioned the fact of your being a perfect horsewoman." "I am fond of riding, and Black Prince—the name of my horse," she added explainingly, "seems to understand me so thoroughly. Then the country, too, is beautiful." B. Pullen-Burroughs speaks of "anecdotes which had occurred to himself," and continually makes her characters use such phrases as "She is a very bright nature." Moreover, she once makes the very critic blush by her description of a scene where the heroic Eleanor pulverizes a vile seducer (of another young woman). "Rising to her full height, she looked the incarnation of womanly dignity, her loosely hanging white dress falling about her feet in artistic folds." In short, B. Pullen-Burroughs is as uneducated and as far from being an original genius as it is possible to be. Yet her novel has a purpose, and that is the promulgation of an enlightened scepticism, tending to Ritualism, Spiritualism, Esoteric Buddhism, and Psychological Research. And it happens to be possible to display in two sentences the way in which the "million or two, more or less," of B. Pullen-Burroughs—resident, let us say, in Middlesex—form their opinions on matters of fact. "You mean," said Miss Lewknor, "the modern craze for psychical research. A friend of mine, a barrister, has completely changed his belief from a study of the literature of psychology." "One cannot pooh-pooh Spiritualism altogether when such men as Crookes and Wallace, who are capable of scientifically testing phenomena, credit their alleged miracles as the work of departed spirits." The almost sacred simplicity with which the noble sceptic, after urging his erudite and fearless objections to the theory of the verbal inspiration of the Bible, bows down before "Crookes and Wallace" because he has read their names in newspapers, is truly characteristic of the philosophy imbibed in the British Board school.

T. W. ROBERTSON.\*

THE time has come when Robertson, if he is to occupy a niche in the Temple of Fame, should take his position. No attempt is made, however, in the present selection from his plays

\* *The Principal Dramatic Works of Thomas William Robertson*. With Memoir by his Son. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.; Samuel French.



to claim for him a place among the immortals. By the exercise of what is perhaps sound judgment, those of his works which are given are treated exclusively from the standpoint of the stage, the literary character being ignored. With the exception of a brief and fairly judicious memoir by the dramatist's son, nothing is apparently added to the knowledge of Robertson and his works previously existent. The two volumes now published consist simply of a collection of plays the rights in which were held by Mr. Samuel French, a well-known theatrical publisher, whose name appears alone on the pages of the separate pieces. Errors are uncorrected, stage directions are left as they appear in acting editions, and nothing is practically new except two general title-pages, whereof one, since the numeration is continuous, is superfluous. For the mistakes that appear, for such French phrases as "pat si bête," or "esprit moquer" for *moqueur*, and for a phrase twice used, "biscuit and china" for biscuit china, Robertson is, of course, not responsible.

It is for later days to decide whether an edition such as now appears is adequate. In his time Robertson was a power. His success, though long deferred, was distinct when it came; and the school of imitators included in Albery a man of abilities equal, and in some respects superior, to his own. In his life and in his work Robertson is interesting rather than distinguished. His struggles in his early life are those with which most men who, without private means, adopt journalism as a profession are familiar. Strong and resolute as he was, and the manner in which he educated himself while earning his living proclaims him a man of uncommon energy, he was all but beaten in the struggle for existence. After some years of labour, during which, besides acting in various country theatres and contributing to London weekly papers, he wrote more than one play, original or adapted, he gave up the struggle in despair, and sought to enlist, but was fortunately rejected by the Horse Guards. For this anecdote his son is responsible. Instances of similar efforts to escape from an unremunerative career might, we fancy, be advanced. Success came at last, and the man who one year had looked with anxiety to the support of his family found himself the following year in receipt of an income such as few men have earned by their pen. Even then the irony of Fate pursued him. The wife who had shared his adversity did not live to share his triumph, and he, though he contracted new and happy ties, found himself the victim of incurable disease. His first wife died on the 14th of August, 1865. On the 11th of November of the same year *Society*, produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, lifted Robertson into reputation and fortune. On the 16th of January, 1871, *War* failed at the St. James's Theatre. Addressing his son the following day, Robertson said of the audience, "They wouldn't have been so hard if they could see me now. I shan't trouble them again." By the 3rd of the following February he was dead. A little more than five years included the whole of his career with which the world is concerned. Within that period he gave to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, *Society*, *Ours*, *Caste*, *Play*, *School*, and *M.P.*; to the Princess's, *Shadow Tree Shaft*; to the St. James's, *A Rapid Thaw* (*Le Déluge*) and *War*; to the Holborn, *For Love*; to the Haymarket, *Home* (*L'Aventurière*); to the Gaiety, *Dreams*; to the Globe, *A Breach of Promise* and *Progress* (*Les Ganaches*); to the Adelphi, *The Nightingale*; to the Theatre Royal, Hull, *Passion Flowers*; to the Theatre Royal, Bristol, *Birth*; and to the Theatre Royal, Manchester, *Dublin Bay*. Besides these he had conceived or made more or less progress with plays to be called *Faith*, *Passions*, and *Political Comedy*; had written for Southern *Post Haste* and *Which is It?*—pieces never produced—and had given John Parry and the German Reeds *A Dream of Venice*.

In this fever of production Robertson did himself less than justice. He may not perhaps be said to have written himself out, but his work grew attenuated. Not a few of the pieces named were failures, and more than one of them is not included in the present edition. Against the notion, long prevalent, that he could only write for the Prince of Wales's company his son protests, advancing a letter from Mr. John Hollingshead to the effect that *Dreams* was given at the Gaiety for ninety-six nights, and was consequently a success. None the less *Dreams* is now not undeservedly forgotten, and some of the other pieces named are wholly unworthy of Robertson. For melodrama or for serious drama of any description Robertson had little aptitude, and his method and his means in art were suited only to what has unfairly, if with a certain truth of suggestion, been called the "Teacup and saucer drama."

In this class of work *Caste* is his masterpiece. It was run close in the race for popularity by *Ours*, the chief merit of which, however, consists in the pleasant aspects of patriotism it manifests. In America, as in England, *Ours* was a fortunate and a popular play, and Mr. Bancroft speaks of it as "a best friend." In *Caste*, however, Robertson attained his high-water mark. How far he subsequently declined may be seen by those who care to compare with the last act of this play that of *War*, produced in 1871. The motive in the two acts is identical. A young wife, fancying herself a widow, has to be told by those around her that her husband, supposed to be dead, is alive, and has returned. In each case the health of the heroine is precarious, and in each case also the shock of good news is dreaded. The means adopted are practically the same, though in *War* something is borrowed from *La Joie fait Peur* of Mme. de Girardin.

It is difficult, however, to believe the two the work of the same hand. In a sense, indeed, they were scarcely such. Robertson's favoured method, as defined by himself in conversation, was as follows. He took a flower of juvenile sentiment and placed it in a world of cynicism. In so doing he was influenced, more or less consciously, by his admiration for Thackeray, traces of whose influence are evident in his best work. As a result of this treatment, youth and age are in constant antagonism. It is difficult, in his plays, to find a character of ripe years, male or female, whose motives are not chiefly cynical. Dr. Sutcliffe, in *School*, is perhaps an exception. Sometimes, indeed, as in the Hon. Bruce Fanquehere, in *Play*, a character for whom a certain amount of sympathy is demanded is little short of a blackleg. Common enough in literature, this contrast between youth and crabbed age in Robertson can scarcely be regarded as individual. In the case of another form of contrast, that between the gentleman and the artisan, Robertson shows both tact and right feeling. A scene in *Dreams* between the Duke of Loamshire and Old Gray, one of his tenants, is exquisite. For the pothouse loafer, the Radical with an itching palm, Robertson displays contempt and loathing. Mr. Bran and Mr. Bray, in *M.P.*, are almost as clever pictures in their way as Mr. Eccles, in some aspects a masterly study. Against Eccles, however, Robertson pits Sam Gerridge, the effect of whose "Well, I am a working-man, but I don't 'owl about it" upon the first night's audience will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. It is characteristic of the times as well as of the dramatist that poetic justice in Robertson's plays is uniformly administered. Wrong is always redressed, and fortune as well as love never fails to wait on the meritorious. A relative dies at the critical moment, and leaves the impecunious hero title and fortune; the rich man of the play falls in love with the penniless heroine, whilst the heiress is unable to resist the stalwart proportions of the young scapegrace of more birth than fortune. Pleasant and healthy are these things, and it speaks well for a society that will find them, with whatever sauce they are served, stimulating fare. How pleasant they were in exposition needs no telling to those who, under the Bancroft management, looked upon a first night at the Prince of Wales's as a treat. Nothing, however, is there belonging to the big drama. They stir pleasantly the emotions, and obtain at times a warm tribute of tears. A small theatre, however, and a subdued style of acting, are indispensable to their enjoyment. With a company such as that at the Prince of Wales's—small, highly trained, and subservient to the control of a dramatist who knew his business thoroughly from experience, and was an almost unequalled stage-manager—they were seen at the best. When a larger theatre was taken, and, after the death of Robertson, a more pronounced style of acting was adopted, much of their magic was lost. More than one device adopted by Robertson failed completely in other hands. That species of antiphonal utterance of two couples of lovers upon the stage at the same time produced in Robertson's hands some very effective scenes. It has now entirely disappeared.

Robertson had a good knowledge of French and a fair familiarity with its literature. His adaptations from that language are generally good, and are not mere translations. Among French poets his favourite was Alfred de Musset, whose *Chanson de Fortunio* forms a sort of background to *Ours* as poems of the Laureate form to *Dreams*, *War*, and other pieces. He had, however, the tact not to translate any work of Musset, though traces of Musset's influence and that of George Sand are constantly apparent.

Robertson left the reputation of a boon companion and a brilliant talker, but scarcely of a wit. Both wit and humour are found in his plays. Especially noteworthy is the right feeling which he always displays. This was characteristic of the man as of his work. During a career longer than is generally supposed, he made many friends and few enemies. Faults of tact and taste were apparent in his best work, but from the possibility of arrogance in his relations with his friends Robertson was saved by a pleasant and childlike simplicity and sincerity of nature. An amusing and a characteristic trait was his delight in horse exercise when his means permitted of his indulging in it. To his previous associates he spoke of it as though it were a newly-discovered pleasure with which he had enriched mankind. Under different conditions Robertson might have been an English Sedaine. The extreme simplicity and domesticity of the devices to which he owed a measure of his success will probably militate against his fame. No one who saw Mrs. Bancroft, with sleeves turned up to the elbow, with the head of a cask for a board and the leg of a stool for a roller, making a roley-poley pudding in a hut in the Crimea, with the snow driving through the crevices of the door, and the big guns booming in the distance, will forget a picture so pretty that reflections not quite comfortable on the contrast suggested with the slaughter going on without were put aside. Will the Muse of Comedy, however, shelter these things under her wing, or will they be forgotten? Here is a point on which some day it will be safer than at present to hazard an opinion.

## ÆSCHYLUS.\*

THE two books here noticed together have little in common, except that both of them are written by Cambridge scholars, both of them deal with Æschylus, and both of them are important, though in different ways and in different degrees. It is the distinguishing mark of Dr. Verrall's scholarship to disregard every tradition which he cannot verify and to defy every opinion which he does not think reasonable. Never has he more clearly or (we think) more successfully displayed his audacity of innovation than in this edition of the *Agamemnon*. Of the traditional text he is conservative enough—perhaps too conservative. But in the interpretation he proposes to make a complete revolution. Space will not permit us to discuss the changes which he advocates in his fascinating Introduction. It must suffice to describe them; and the description will go a long way to establish them in a mind open to conviction, although it can hardly be expected that they will be adopted without controversy. Giving every credit to the Byzantine scholars for their study of "old words and old forms, and the like," Dr. Verrall remarks in his uncompromising way that a modern editor, if he adopted the *dramatis persone* of the Medicean manuscript, would justly be thought a fool. Nevertheless, the story of the play as conceived by the Byzantine students of the eleventh century has hitherto been accepted, with an occasional almost inarticulate protest, by their successors in Æschylean scholarship. There has been an uneasy feeling that something was wrong, but no definite exposure of the incoherencies in the supposed plot. "Even the fifteenth century murmured"—*e.g.* in the Schol. in *Cod. Flor.* to v. 509, we find the following naïve remark:—*τίς μέμφεται τῷ ποιητῇ ὅτι αὐθημερόν ἐκ Τροίας ποιεῖ τοὺς Ἕλληνας ἵκοντας*. Let us briefly analyse the beginning of the play, following Dr. Verrall. Agamemnon had departed on his ten-years' war against Troy, and is supposed to have arranged with Clytemnestra that the news of his success should be telegraphed to her by a series of beacons on Mount Ida, on Lemnos, on Mount Athos, and on the highest point of Eubœa, from which last post the signal was to be passed by shorter stages to Mount Arachneus, within a few miles of Argos. According to the traditional theory, the system was worked on the night of the fall of Troy, and next morning the beacon was signalled at Argos from Mount Arachneus. Here the play begins. Clytemnestra orders a general rejoicing (without explaining the beacon-message or stating its purport), and convokes the elders, who ask for information. She then tells them that Troy has fallen the night before, and describes her means of information. She then retires, "leaving the elders to their thoughts." They do not quite accept her story; it may be a mistake; it will be best to wait. Enter a Herald, who announces that Agamemnon has returned. This—although the fleet had encountered a heavy storm, and although the size and geography of the Archipelago were as familiar to an Athenian as those of the Atlantic or the Channel to a modern Englishman. That is to say that between the fall of Troy and the arrival of the Herald (a period of a few hours) the poet is supposed to have asked his audience to believe that events had taken place which would occupy almost as many weeks. Why should he have put so severe a strain upon their imagination? The story of the beacons is a fine story finely told; but it has no necessary connexion with the rest of the plot as it is generally understood. Was Æschylus so clumsy a playwright that he violated the possibilities of the stage only for the sake of introducing a pretty passage? Incredible. But so is the story of the beacons incredible, and it is intended to be incredible. There was no pre-arranged signal between the husband and his wife, and the audience, who knew all about her guilty intercourse with Ægisthus, were to understand at once that she was deceiving the elders. No, the signal was started by the adulterer to his paramour, by the one conspirator to the other, to warn her that Agamemnon was coming, and that their plottings must now be put into action. Nor is it only at the beginning of the play that the traditional reading presents irreconcilable contradictions. They recur at the entrance of Ægisthus. What brought Ægisthus to the palace at that particular moment? His folly would be greater than his crime. Yet he does come and takes credit to himself for "combining and contriving all this difficult plot." But what plot? All the plotting has been Clytemnestra's. Yet the elders at once agree that the plot is the plot of Ægisthus. Again, we are told that the outlook for the beacon-signal had been maintained for a year. Why for a year? Are we to suppose that after eight or nine years of absence Agamemnon had suddenly hit upon this new method of communication? There is nothing to suggest such a notion. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that in Homer the watchman of Ægisthus had been looking out for Agamemnon for a year. Such are some of the ingenious and apparently solid arguments which Dr. Verrall has put forward and which call for acceptance or refutation. It is certain that his view of the play not only divests it of its improbabilities, but induces it with that ironical interest which was so welcome to an Athenian audience, because it introduced an

element of novelty into the time-worn tales on which the tragedies were founded. Here we must leave Dr. Verrall's Introduction and say a few words about his Translation and Commentary. In the former we shall find many smaller indications of his independence of tradition, many unfamiliar renderings of well-known passages, and many happy turns of English. Now and again the language is unduly artificial. Now and again a word or phrase is used in an unnatural or even an awkward sense. But it may be understood and enjoyed without the Greek, and that is a rare quality in translations. But its primary object has been to relieve the Commentary, and the young scholar must be on his guard about adopting versions, always happy and always plausible, but frequently in conflict with received interpretations. Let it not be supposed, however, that Dr. Verrall tries to steal an assent which would not be granted after deliberate examination of the evidence. His notes are models of what notes ought to be. He not only knows his own mind, but he understands and fairly states the views which he rejects, especially in the Appendices where he discusses those questions which are too elaborate for a footnote. As a specimen of his argumentation, we may summarize his views upon the much-vexed passage 498 foll. :—

κήρυκ' ἀπ' ἀκτῆς τόνδ' ὄρω κατὰ σκιον  
κλαῖδαις δαΐας· μαρτυρεῖ δέ μοι κάσιος  
πηλοῦ ξύνουρος διψία κόνης ταῖδε,  
ὡς οὐτ' ἀναδουρὸς οὐτε σοὶ δαίω φλόγα  
ῦλης ὀρείας σπῆματι καπνῷ πυρός,  
ἀλλ' ἢ τὸ χαίρειν μάλλον ἐκβάλλει λέγων.

Adopting Mr. Housman's suggestion (first put forward in the *Journal of Philology*, xvi. 264) that the cloud of dust testified to the approach of a returning army (the connexion of ideas was familiar to an Athenian audience), Dr. Verrall remarks, first, that there is no indication that the dust is actually seen in the distant landscape, and, secondly, that πηλοῦ ξύνουρος remains unexplained, or can only be explained as mere ornament. The second is perhaps the more formidable objection, and Dr. Verrall insists upon treating the words, not merely as not ornamental, but as possessing their exact and original force, *dust continuous with mud*. Now the plain of Argos on the eastern side suffers from deficiency of water, on the western side from superabundance. The brother and sister, whose lands lie side by side, are the Dust and the Mire. "The speakers are looking from Argos eastwards towards the sea, and it is therefore the Sister, the Dust, which tells them a large body of men is approaching from the port." This theory is made the more credible when we remember how freely the meaning of words was assisted on the Athenian stage by the use of explanatory gesture. It is impossible here to give any more specimens of Dr. Verrall's work in Æschylus. With much that will provoke dissent and much that calls for careful consideration, this edition of the *Agamemnon* is distinguished on every page by the patient thought and the robust originality which are only found in the highest scholarship.

In making an edition of the *Supplices* ("dulcissime ille 'Ικετιδες," as Keble called it) Professor Tucker, of Melbourne University (late of Cambridge), has attempted a bold and somewhat thankless task. But it may be granted at once that he has achieved a considerable success where complete success was impossible, and that he has done much to make possible the study of a play which has fallen into neglect "for no fault but its misfortune." We are glad to see that Professor Tucker, like Dr. Verrall, expresses a high opinion of the late Mr. Paley's work in Æschylus. It may be remembered that one of the later works of Mr. Paley was a critical edition of this very corrupt but very beautiful play. Before speaking of Professor Tucker's work in the text, it is pleasant to congratulate him upon his translation—exact, fluent, and frequently happy. But why did he mar its practical value by forgetting to number the lines? The overwhelming majority of the notes in his Commentary are, as they were obliged to be, devoted to textual criticism. To discuss these, even in sample, is beyond the scope of this article. It is disappointing to find that so careful and patient an editor declares that the result of his study is to deepen rather than diminish his distrust of the MSS. This is partly due, perhaps, to a proper but overstrained desire to make the text of Æschylus agree with, "if not a formal, at least a natural, grammar." Indeed, he expresses disagreement with Badham's well-known saying, "Scio tragicis fere omnia licere"; and this tendency has perhaps led him to suggest innovations in the text which are not absolutely necessary—*e.g.* at 585, *ὥς ἀνθίσσεται με γηραιὸν φρενί*, where MSS. and previous editors had *γηραιά φρενί*. That is impossible, says Professor Tucker, although *γηραιά φρενί* could stand, but if we are to express "the part or respect in which the rejuvenation takes place" we must have the accusative case. Surely that is a little too absolute. So again, a few lines later, *διπλοῦν μίσημα πρὸς πόλεως φρενί*, where he takes away the *πρὸς* (*id nihil est*, he says, retorting Hermann's words), and writes *πρὸ*. But it would be unfair to convey the idea that Professor Tucker is a capricious emendator who loves innovation for its own sake. He always has good reasons for his protest against the (more or less) received text, and he explains them tacitly, tersely, and drily. His notes of interpretation are less frequent and more easily digested. At 595 foll. he rejects Paley's view, and adopts one that seems much preferable :—

ἰκεσίον Ζηνὸς κότον  
μέγαν προφάνων μήπορ' εἰσὶν χρόνοι  
πόλιν παχύναι.

\* *The Agamemnon of Æschylus*. With an Introduction, Commentary, and Translation. By A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

*The Supplices of Æschylus*. A Revised Text, with Introduction, Critical Notes, Commentary, and Translation. By T. G. Tucker, M.A., Professor of Classical Philology in the University of Melbourne, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.



Here Paley made *κόρον* the subject and *πάλλιν* the object of the verb *παύειν*, which he translated "allow to thrive." But Professor Tucker reverses the relation of the two nouns, and translates the verb "to feed fat," regarding *προφωρῶν* as a *verbum retandi*, which certainly explains the *μήποτε* better than under Paley's view of the passage. Again, at 1037, *τὸ βίλτερον κακοῦ καὶ τὸ δίμοιρον αἰῶ*, Professor Tucker seems right in throwing over the common view that *τὸ δίμοιρον* should be explained as "half," or (with Stanley) as *quasi temperatam ex ambobus Jovis dolius*. He prefers to take the word in its more natural sense of "having a double share" (or a share of two to one as compared with the other shares). For solid work by patient students Professor Tucker's edition of the *Supplices* may be confidently recommended. He has certainly made a substantial contribution to the scholarship of *Æschylus*. It is curious to notice, by the way, that the phrase *ἀγώνισι θεοῖ* (*Supplices*, 163) is cited in Dr. Verrall's note on *Agamemnon* 518 in order to show that, in Dr. Verrall's opinion, it bears a meaning which Professor Tucker declares to be impossible, citing the same passage in the *Agamemnon* to prove his contradictory view. Even the newest lights do not always agree one with another.

## WHIST.\*

THIS is an admirable little book, and it is hardly too much to say that, if studied as it ought to be, it will do more to improve Englishmen's whist than all the volumes on further developments which have been published of late. Its scope and aims are concisely set forth in the short preface, which we cannot do better than quote:—

Most writers on Whist tell at some length how to open the game; what suit to lead originally, and which card of that suit to play; when to lead or ask for trumps originally, and when not; which card to play second and third hand; which card to return when leading a suit already led; when to trump a card originally led, and when to pass; and so on. They escort the young player in comparative safety through the dangers that beset him till about the middle of the hand; then, when perplexities arise and he most needs their help, they leave him with a large stock of maxims, but without any practical aid as to how to carry them out. . . . These, and similar considerations, led me to believe that a number of examples of Whist play, late in a hand, might be of use to book players; and that, if carefully pondered on, they might improve the style of those who have travelled as far as systematic books carry them.

Cavendish has also said that "the ingenuity manifested by players at Whist in losing tricks they ought to win" late in a hand, "is at times almost superhuman." The ordinary player knows only too well the cold feeling that comes over him when he is left with four or five cards in his hand and does not know which to play; but, if he will only study this little book, he will find that his perception will increase in proportion to his pains, and he will play with confidence and certainty. Numerous examples of end-hands are given to exemplify different points of the game—such as "Remembering the turn-up card," "Winning partner's trick," "When not to finesse," "Getting rid of the lead," "Trying to give partner the lead," "Refusing to trump and playing to the score," "Discarding," &c. In all these cases the reader is furnished with essential information as to the previous play; then follows the actual play, with comments; then the conversation that ensues between the partners, generally of an amusing and recriminatory character, and, finally, the author's remarks as to the proper method. Six examples are given of the end-hand management of trumps, a common pitfall to the unwary player. To the younger student the chapters on "Sources of doubt and error," "Clay on inferences," and "Perception and no perception," are invaluable. He is there taught, in a plain and logical way, how to place or mark cards in his partner's and adversaries' hands, and to base his play upon such knowledge. Oral advice, so freely tendered him after the hand is played out, is too often untrustworthy. It frequently assumes that he ought to have known the position of cards which he could not; while the real source of his error in judgment, as is shown in the conversations in these pages, passes unobserved. He is also liable to be called to task for not adhering to book-play at an epoch of the game when the time for book-play is over, and playing by inference should begin. The dictum of "Cavendish" should never be forgotten:—"The fall of the cards may, one time or another, modify nearly every rule of play. A player who simply follows rule, and fails to grasp the situations in which rule should be departed from, is a mere machine without intelligence." The authors have done a signal service to whist in publishing this little work; and, as we have said, we anticipate that its results will be far-reaching. There are some obvious misprints at p. 63, which, no doubt, will be corrected in a later edition.

## THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING ACTS.†

ANY one who can succeed in overstepping the wearisome title-page of this volume will find plenty to interest him in

\* *Whist with and without Perception*. By "B. W. D." and "Cavendish." London: De la Rue & Co. 1889.

† *The Law relating to Electric Lighting*. Second edition. Being the Electric Lighting Acts, 1882 and 1888, with a General Introduction, a Continuous Commentary, and Appendices; consisting of the Rules, Regulations, and Model Form of Provisional Order issued by the Board of Trade. By G. Spencer Bower, B.A. (Oxon.), of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; and Walter Webb, Solicitor, of the Supreme Court. London: Sampson Low & Co.

some of the subsequent chapters, especially if he is capable of receiving an unhallowed joy from the contemplation of the blunders of Parliament, when Parliament has specially made up its mind that for once, at least, it will not blunder. The Electric Lighting Act of 1882 is an old story now, but its memory was revived when the Act of 1888 to amend it was introduced. It remains as a monument to the folly of those who expect aught but disaster from too much legislative interference with the employment of capital. They recollected that water Companies and gas Companies had monopolies, and they knew that both the charges and the dividends of these Companies were large. They realized also that more or less modified concessions or monopolies must be granted to electric-lighting Companies. Mr. Chamberlain was at the Board of Trade, and Mr. Chamberlain at that time hated monopolies. The result was that "numerous Companies were formed, to which no less than 13,000,000*l.* of capital was subscribed—numerous orders and licences were subsequently applied for. And the result? A lamentable fiasco. Few of such licences and orders were proceeded with [*sic*]; still fewer, after having been granted, were worked."

This result was due to a section in the Act which was insisted upon by Mr. Chamberlain. The section in question gave the local authority power to purchase the whole undertaking at the end of twenty-one years. But, in estimating the amount of the purchase-money, the goodwill of the concern was ignored altogether. In other words, the local authorities were to be allowed to purchase at the end of twenty-one years a business which might be bringing in a good return to its shareholders, after years without dividends, for the value of the plant and buildings. It is strange that a man of business like Mr. Chamberlain should ever have proposed, or a business assembly like the House of Lords should ever have passed, a regulation so obviously against the interests of the whole community. Of the House of Commons anything unbusinesslike might, at that time, have been expected. A man would not be wise who would invest his money under such conditions. For, in the first place, it is extremely unlikely that the amount of the valuation of plant, &c., would reach more than half what had been paid for its construction and maintenance, considering how experimental an industry electric lighting at that time was. The interest on the capital, therefore, would be such that, in addition to the high rate that would be naturally demanded by a shareholder in such a case, there would have to be a sinking fund large enough to reach half of the invested capital in about seventeen or eighteen years. That electric light could not compete with gas light under these conditions ought to have been manifest. That no heed was paid at the time to the many protests which were uttered argues an obtuse obstinacy on the part of the President of the Board of Trade, of which the cause is extremely difficult to fathom.

The chief difference between the Act of 1888 and that of 1882 is in the lengthening of this period of twenty-one years to forty-two years. The result of this tardy change is the springing up of Companies for the lighting of London, with an aggregate capital of about three millions sterling. In some districts the change is visible to the eye in the increased brilliancy of shop-windows, in others the effect has at present only been the pulling about of the roadways and "sidewalks." But before six months are past many houses and most clubs will be electrically illumined. A book like that before us, although necessarily technically dry in parts, will be found useful, not only to the directors and managers of the Companies themselves, but also to any householder who may wish to understand the duties and liabilities of the Companies, as well as the justice of their demands. It will probably interest him to know that, as a rule, every district will be assigned to two Companies, so that a limited competition will be introduced; and, where possible, these Companies will be selected on the principle that one is to work on the low and the other on the high tension system. It is not quite so certain, however, that those of the public, to whom easy locomotion is more important than brilliant illumination, will enjoy the consequent pulling up of all the main thoroughfares twice over. They are, on the other hand, to be saved from the unsightliness and danger of overhead cables.

The consumers are further protected by the fixing of a maximum charge. This charge will probably amount to about five-thirds of the cost of gas for the same amount of illumination. When once the Companies get to work fully, however, the price will be probably reduced, owing to the existence of competition. And it must be further recollected that great saving will be effected in the cost of annual papering, painting, gilding, and whitewashing. Electric light, nevertheless, will remain, no doubt, for some years a luxury. The charges will be usually made by meter, an instrument for this purpose being placed at the entry to each separate building supplied. These meters must be approved by the Board of Trade. Customers may, however, prefer to pay an annual price per lamp, in which case they may burn it for as long a period per day as they wish without any increased charge. This method will probably be adopted in cases where the whole consumption of a house is small.

The work before us is, on the whole, clearly written and generally accurate. One or two mistakes we have noticed, as, for instance, in the table on p. 12, which gives a list of the various London Companies, the St. James's and Pall Mall Electric Lighting Company has been omitted. The authors also seem to think that the "direct" system is synonymous with the "storage" system, for on p. 33 it is described as "the direct or storage" system. Direct currents can with great advantage be used with

storage batteries for certain purposes. But it is not contemplated to use them generally in this way. There are also one or two points in which the purely legal information is not quite up to date. We can, however, recommend the book to all those who are interested in the subject, either as producers or consumers, as the best, if not the only exhaustive, treatise on the subject at present produced.

#### THE ROOTS OF THE MOUNTAINS.\*

MUCH dust has been raised, and it was practically impossible that some should not be raised, about the "Wardour Street" style of *The Roots of the Mountains*. Distinguish. It has been frequently pointed out, and nowhere oftener and more clearly than here, that bad Wardour Street is a very bad thing. Speaking confidentially, we are not acquainted with anything which, when it is bad of its kind, is not bad. But, speaking confidentially also, we are acquainted with very few things which, when they are good of their kind, are not good. Now, Mr. William Morris's Wardour Street is on the whole a very superior specimen of the article. It is easy to caricature—we have done it ourselves, *tant bien que mal*, before now, and a great many other people have done it, perhaps before, certainly since. We shall not do it again. Let us only congratulate Mr. Morris on being less uncompromisingly Wardour Street (*si Wardour Street y a*) in his typography than he was in *The House of the Wolfings*. It is possible to read *The Roots of the Mountains*, which is a much bigger book than its forerunner, through without anything of that lancing pain which causeth the eyes of him who readeth that forerunner to ache (it is not only Wardour Street which prefers that spelling) and to water and to burn. There is less narrative verse (though there are songs, &c., and good ones), and since, good as Mr. Morris's prose always is, it is less good than his verse, we lose something. Every now and then even the hardy reader, who is as little afraid of being bitten by archaisms as by allegories, may justly quarrel with a phrase which is out of keeping, as here:—

From the height in the pass those grey slopes seemed easy to traverse; but the warriors of the Wolf knew that it was far otherwise, for they were but the molten rock-sea that in time long past has flowed forth from Shield-broad, and filled up the whole valley endlong and overthwart, cooling as it flowed.

This geological mastery on the part of the warriors of the Wolf we own surprises us a little. And here, again, is a false note:—

These souls longed for the sheepcotes in the winding valleys under the long grey downs; and the garths where the last year's ricks shouldered up against the old stone gables, and where the daws were busy in the tall unfrequent ash trees.

That is a pretty piece enough, but it is purely modern "word-painting." And so are "the kine moving like odorous shadows" and other things. But no doubt it is hard to keep up a falsetto through 400 pages. Wherefore say some that falsetti are abominations; yet is this hardly critical.

Further comparing the book with *The House of the Wolfings*, the reader has the advantage of a much more interesting and more connected story (though something parallel to the former) and of a greater bulk of work. We own that, for our own part, we like our romances long. Your novel of manners and character, your story of situation, your essay, your poem, may be as short as they like, and so much the better. But, as of fighting in this way or that, and love-making in that way or this, there is no end in any life while that life is worth living, so the extensive faculties of the romance which is, or ought to be, nearly all fighting and love-making are almost infinite. Are there not eleven tightly-packed volumes from the moment when D'Artagnan appears on the butter-coloured pony to that when his dying hand grasps the bâton? Are there not a thousand verses in the *Færie Queen*? And cursed be he who wishes a page or a verse short in either. As in *The House of the Wolfings*, Mr. Morris's main theme consists in the repulse by his favourite "kindreds" of Teutonic or Scandinavian descent of misbegotten invaders from a distance. This time, however, the invaders are not Romans, or civilized people of any kind, but "Dusky Men," apparently Huns or Mongols of some sort; and the menaced stronghold is not a "mark" in a wood, but Burgdale, a strath at the "roots of the mountains" inhabited by "kindreds," who are each named from some distinguishing cognizance, animal (*sed procul, o procul este totemi!*) or fantastic—the "Face," the "Bull," the "Bridge," and so forth. These Burgdalers proper, who dwell in the lower and fatter part of the valley, are farmers, and also craftsmen of considerable advancement in the arts of life; and rich, though not in the least corrupted or effeminate, but tall men of their hands all. To them belong in a sort of relationship the "Shepherds" of the upper valley; and, still more vaguely and distantly, the "Woodlanders" of the district stretching up and over the mountains themselves. Of other dales beyond these they know little—nor much of any other world at all than their own valley, except in so far as merchants come to them with wares from the distant Cities. Their chief, or Alderman, is a certain Iron-face, head of the kindred of the Face (so called from a device in their hall), a rich man, and a cunning smith in iron and other metals. His

eldest son is named Face-of-God, or Gold-Mane, the tallest and handsomest of the tribe, and, though not much practised in war, a promising warrior. With him, partly as a sister, but, as she is of another kindred, more as a future wife, there has been brought up the most beautiful girl of the tribe, known as "the Bride." But one day, after there have been some unusual acts of violence committed by strangers in the outskirts of the dale, Face-of-God goes a-hunting or a-wandering in the Woodland district over the hills. And, after a time, he meets there, at first in a kind of hostile encounter, but afterwards in friendship, a brother and sister, the latter of whom seems to him more beautiful than the Bride, or any one that he has ever seen. He is entertained not inhospitably by her people, and makes a later tryst, in a mystic place called Shadowy Vale, alone with her, whom he calls at first the Friend, but afterwards the Sunbeam. Then he learns, not only her kindred and history, but also matters of great importance to the Burgdalers. The outlaws (for they are almost that) whom he has met are certain Children of the Wolf, remotely akin to the Woodlanders, but in reality the remnant of a once powerful tribe who once possessed Silverdale, a valley over the mountains, but have been driven out of it by the Dusky Men, who also hold another valley, Rosedale, and, unknown to the Burgdalers, are thinking of invading Burgdale itself. They are mere savages in all but the art of war, cruel and lustful, given to human sacrifices, and generally bestial in their habits. After skirmishes with exploring parties of them, and on learning that fresh swarms are expected, the Burgdalers and their allies resolve to anticipate the attack, and strike at the enemy in his own place, which they reach by mountain-paths known only to the Children of the Wolf. That this bold stroke ends in victory and in the re-establishment of the right owners in the conquered dales nobody needs to be told. The war part of the Saga is tempered by the history of the way in which Face-of-God is off with his old love and on with his new. The nicest girl in the book, however, is neither "the Sunbeam" nor "the Bride," both of whom are rather serious young ladies; while the Bride takes her jilting with an absence of proper spirit, and the Sunbeam does her cutting-out in a pontifical and "it-is-my-mission-to-marry-you" manner which, putting ourselves in Face-of-God's place, we should not, we think, have found enticing. Our favourite is a young person named Bow-may, of the kindred of the Wolf herself; and, as her name intimates, a very Artemis of the North. She is no prude either, has a generous but honourable liking for the irresistible Face-of-God (for whom it must be said that, if rather inconstant, he is no coxcomb), kisses him, or rather asks him to kiss her, in a very agreeable manner, in the hottest and midmost of the fight, and bestows herself on a good warrior of the Burgdalers "sith 'twill no better be." She does not make long speeches; but she is always delightful, whether she is saving Face-of-God's life by her archery in the mountain passes, or combining delight of battle with tender sentiments as above related, or sitting down wounded after her exploits to banquet "unhelmed, with a wreath of wind flowers round her head," or in the fight itself as she rains her shafts on the enemy "battle-angry," with glittering eyes, and the pomells of her cheeks burning red, and her lips dry and grey; or when, as we take leave of her performing, at the close of the story, an odd Scriptural kind of errand and conveying the second baby of Face-of-God and the Sunbeam to be fostered by the Bride and her husband, Folk-might, the new chief of Silverdale and the Sunbeam's brother, she "fell a-musing, and made as though she were listening to the voice of the Bride, but in sooth neither heard nor saw what was going on about her, for her thoughts were in bygone days."

From another point of view the chief charm of the book may seem to lie in the fighting, which is abundant and of the very best. It must be very much a matter of individual taste whether the great fight in Silverdale is found too long or not. There are about sixty pages of it; but it is excellent reading, especially the episode of Face-of-God and Bow-may embracing under the arrow-canopy, and that of Face-of-God and Folk-might meeting face to face at the top of the perron of the mote-house of Silverstead, after each has hewn his way, the one singlehanded, the other with but one companion, up a stair crowded with foes. Excellent, too, are many of the earlier passages of the fighting kind—the first hostile meeting of Face-of-God with his future love and wife in the wood (it is not wholly unlike the great scene of Lavengro with Isopel and the Flaming Timnan), his subsequent foregathering with Bow-may, where that lively damsel introduces herself in a friendly way by sending three arrows six inches each from his right ear, his left ear, and the top of his head, and the skirmish in the pass, where she saves his life. The old merit of Mr. Morris's work, both in prose and verse, its adjustment of literary and pictorial merit, appears throughout the book, and for our parts, if the painful critic had his due, and men of letters, instead of nitrate kings, became millionaires we would have a long gallery frescoed with scenes from *The Roots of the Mountains* and walk therein, not unaccompanied by that other herb Pantagruelion (the beneficent one, as hemp is the avenging), which the kindreds knew not, that we might behold with our eyes, as now with our minds, all these gracious things, not the least charm of which is that there be many excellent folk who cannot taste their graciousness at all.

\* *The Roots of the Mountains*. By William Morris. London: Reeves & Turner.



## THE BLUE FRIARS.\*

OLD Plymouth in days long ago rejoiced in societies of White Friars, Grey Friars, and Black Friars, with a nunnery to boot. They have left their footprints behind them, with a page or so of by no means uninteresting history. Among other things spiritual and temporal, they seem to have left behind them some ideas which manifested themselves in the minds of a few Plymouth wits in this nineteenth century. In the year 1829 four gentlemen of Plymouth founded what they were pleased to call the Order of Blue Friars, to promote mutual enjoyment of the pleasures of this world, by meeting in conclave at each other's houses alternately once a quarter, and making merry after the manner of those times. A good plain dinner, wine, and talk, with a written paper to be read by each in his turn, was the entertainment provided by the rules of the fraternity. Some of them expended their wit in devising canons, costumes, and formalities, by way of affecting the manners and customs of the friars of old. The four brethren who originated this ingenious plan for their amusement consisted of—the Prior, Friar Tuck, William Jacobson, a lawyer of much wit and other accomplishments; the Sub-Prior, Friar Locke, George Wightwick, an architect, a really good talker, a wit, a great admirer of Shakespeare and the drama in general, a friend of Macready's, and a man much sought after for his entertaining qualities—these two were probably the ringleaders of the set; Friar Bacon, William Snow Harris, afterwards Sir William Harris, F.R.S., of lightning-conductor fame; and Friar Roger, T. Duncan Newton, who undertook the duties of sacristan. Afterwards the elder Charles Mathews, when on a visit to Plymouth, was elected one of the brethren under the name of Friar Prism; and one or two others became brethren, with the addition also of some lay brethren and even lay sisters.

Mr. Wright, who is the very efficient Librarian of the Plymouth Public Library, has done his best to dig up the remains of the Blue Friars buried in oblivion, and to describe this phase of wit prevalent in Plymouth half a century ago. But he found the Blue Friars were well nigh forgotten; only one or two persons had any remembrance of them whatever, and their records, kept, of course, in a blue book in a blue box, had disappeared. He has, however, searched them out, and has found some of the remains, which, with his description of the Order of Blue Friars and the brethren individually, make up the book before us. Brother Locke's (Wightwick's) written contributions appeared from time to time in *Fraser*, and some of these are reprinted here. There is also to be found some fair versification of the Friars, amongst, as might be supposed, a good share of doggerel. It is hardly necessary to say that Mathews was the shining light when he attended the conclaves, which could not be often; but, considering his powers, and those also of Jacobson and Wightwick, the fun must have been fast and furious, and of a very high order at times. No doubt the talk at the conclaves, as they chose to call them, was the best part of the festivity. No servants were allowed to be present when the conclave was sitting, and it is easy to imagine the boisterous uncontrolled wit, language being set free, which would flourish, when four or five intimate friends met together for the express purpose of abandoning themselves to unlicensed merriment. Talk is, after all, the bloom and sweetness of life, and it perisheth like a flower. It never can be reduced to writing by the aid even of the best of memories.

One of the most amusing of the papers published in this book is a description by Brother Roger—T. Duncan Newton—of a "Mathews at Home," at which he was present, given at the English Opera House, Strand, on the 6th June, 1822. The original bill of "Mr. Mathews at Home" is printed in full at p. 135, and the broad humour of the entertainment is well put before us. A paper by the same brother (p. 141) also gives some very amusing "Reminiscences of Lister." Sub-Prior Locke (Wightwick), a friend of Mathews, as he was of all players who visited Plymouth, contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* "My Acquaintance with Charles Mathews," reprinted here at p. 112, in which he describes the last illness and death of Mathews at Plymouth in the year 1835. At p. 123 Wightwick says:—

He was prohibited from much talking; but when his spirits were up it was as difficult for him to maintain silence as for us to wish him to do so. When suddenly checked by exhaustion or a paroxysm, he would say:—"There now; you leave me to do all the talking, while you all know that I ought not to speak. It's quite enough for me to get a word in edgeways. Now do talk to one another, there's good boys, and never mind me. Here H— [Harris], are not you and W— [Wightwick] opposed in politics? Say something to hurt his feelings, there's a good fellow; get up a political quarrel. It'll amuse me." "Bravo!" said Mathews, as he lay his length upon a sofa. "Go on, Harris; it's all right. He's getting savage. Hear! hear! la lanterne! Rascals! Radicals! Robespierre! Keep it up! He's coming to the climax of personal violence."

Mathews lies buried in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, where there is a monument and an epitaph written by Wightwick to his memory.

The talk of the Blue Friars at their table, inspired by their repast before teetotallers were heard of, must have been far more sparkling than their writings, written in their studies (every house had its study in those days) before the hour of inspiration was upon them, and carried to the conclave in their pockets.

It is of the nature of such things that the Blue Friars did not enjoy a very prolonged existence as friars. They founded their

Order in 1829, they met for the last time in 1846, and during those seventeen years forty-two conclaves were held. The canon to meet once a quarter was soon violated; wit and humour under such conditions is not long lived, its freshness wears off, it begins to lag, and it fades away into dull chatter. All the Blue Friars have gone the way of other friars, and Mr. Wright has undertaken the task of embalming their memory.

## BATTLES AND ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AFRICA.\*

"MAY they [the critics] have partaken of a comforting tiffin when they take in hand the mighty pen is the prayer" of Mr. Moodie, expressed in the preface to his second volume. As it happens, we are writing before the hour of that meal—few, we imagine, would care to court Mr. Moodie and indigestion immediately after it. In any case, we can assure him that no amount of tiffin, however comforting, would induce our "mighty pen" to praise this book. Mr. Moodie belongs to the class of writers—a growing terror—who send unsolicited copies of their works to members of the Royal Family and other distinguished people, and then print as an advertisement the replies wrung from the perplexity of these anguished celebrities. We learn from the extracts set out at the beginning of these volumes that the late Sir Bartle Frere held the ignorance of the public upon South African matters to be deplorable; also that Sir Theophilus Shepstone is of opinion that Mr. Moodie's work "will be most useful as a reference." With Sir Bartle Frere's statement we cordially agree; but we wonder if Sir Theophilus Shepstone has ever tried to hunt up a reference to any South African matter of history befalling between the reign of the late Pharaoh Necho and the year 1880 of our era in the unindexed sea of print and confusion which Mr. Moodie calls a book? Mr. Moodie is a poet as well as a historian, and we cannot refrain from passing on a little of the pleasure we have received from the verses prefixed to his first volume, entitled, "Adamastor, or The Titan Shape of the Mighty Cape." They begin:—

Of old the Titans, is (sic) unholly rage,  
Waged impious war against the thunderer Jove;  
And oft we've seen along the classic page  
How—lightning armed—the "Cloud Compeller" hove  
The rebels headlong down to earth, where still they strove

And so on; there is plenty more of it, but we will forbear to leave it headlong at a suffering public.

To come down to prose, that of Mr. Moodie is best illustrated by a sample; words fail us in which to describe it. Here is one, taken pretty well at hazard from the second page of his first volume:—

The dawn of the existence of this land of "Good Hope" among the shores within the scope of European genius and enterprise has been obscured by the darkness of its subsequent annals. The gloom and aspirations of the 15th century scarcely afford, in our minds, a subject of contemplation for the 19th, enveloped in its own busy schemes of to-day. There is in all our education, says the late Judge Watermeyer, an amazing negligence of the enquiry into our share of the philosophy of history. And yet what more glorious, what more worthy to be held forth to the admiration of men, than the spirit of that age, the interpretation of one whose thoughts was the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope?

Is such a style as this to be matched anywhere, even in America? Surely there is in all Mr. Moodie's education, says the present critic, an amazing negligence of the inquiry into his share of the philosophy of grammar! For the rest, we can only say this for the book; it is very long, and, to a great extent, composed of extracts from many works, documents, journals, &c., written by other people. In this collection sundry interesting facts are to be found; but, personally speaking, we should prefer to consult the various originals before Mr. Moodie had pounded them in his literary mortar. The only original matter of any real value in these pages is the general Chronology of African events appended to the second volume, which appears to have been compiled with some care.

## THE BOOKWORM.†

THE second volume of *The Bookworm*—for such, from the pair of stars on the back, we presume it to be—is better than its title. It is a vagrant collection of gossip relating to books and bookmen; and such a collection, however unscientific in its execution, could scarcely fail to be readable. Now and then, indeed, the "personal equation" jars upon the reader, as when one of the writers gratuitously goes out of his way to brand Prior, Gay, and Butler as "miserable poetasters," which is neither relevant nor true. But the offences of this kind are few; and, making due allowance for certain limitations in the field explored, which seem to indicate that the writers are strongest in eighteenth-century literature, the volume is full of fine confused feeding. There is something of that famous newspaper, the *Craftsman* of Nicholas Amhurst, and of its printer, Richard

\* *The History of the Battles and Adventures of the British, the Boers, and the Zulus, &c., in Southern Africa, from the time of Pharaoh Necho to 1880.* By Duncan Campbell Francis Moodie. Cape Town: Murray & St. Ledger.

† *The Bookworm. An Illustrated Treasury of Old-Time Literature.* London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

\* *The Blue Friars.* By W. H. K. Wright, F.R.Hist.Soc. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Plymouth: W. Frank Westcott.

Franklin, who, having helped to abuse Sir Robert Walpole, ended his days as the tenant at Twickenham of Sir Robert's youngest son; there are some interesting *Swiftiana* from the stores of Sylvanus Urban; there is a reprint from the *Westminster Magazine* of the communication of a correspondent who had visited Goldsmith at "the smoky, miserable, one-pair-of-stairs room" where he lived in Green Arbour Court; there is a curious contribution (from Brisbane) about that curious book, Barlow's *Complete English Peerage*; there is a chat about John Newbery, based upon Mr. Welsh, and a chat about Rowlandson, based upon Mr. Grego. Other noticeable articles are on the library at Wimborne Minster, with its memories of Prior; on Rymer and Dennis, by Mr. William Roberts; on Grangerism and Grangerites, by Mr. Laurence Hutton, and on the *Trivial Poems and Triolets* of Patrick Carey, by Mr. Gleeson White. A series of articles on "Bookworms of Yesterday and To-day" gives accounts of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, Richard of Bury, Mr. Chancellor Christie, Mr. R. S. Turner, Mr. H. S. Ashbee, and others. Many verses on books, original and collected, are scattered through the pages of *The Bookworm*, some of which show that a genuine book-lover may make but an indifferent bard. Upon the whole, however, the volume has fewer *longueurs et languereux* than most of its class, while many of its papers preserve items of out-of-the-way information which should be serviceable to that "great community of bibliocists, bibliophiles, bibliographers, biblioplists, bibliologists, bibliopégists," *et hoc genus omne*, to which one of its contributors refers.

#### THE POOR SISTERS OF NAZARETH.\*

THE Sisters of Nazareth House could not possibly have had a more graceful or sympathetic advocate of their cause than Mrs. Alice Meynell, who pleads it with much earnest pathos. Nazareth House, Hammersmith, is one of the most interesting charitable institutions in the metropolis. It was founded, if we mistake not, by the late Cardinal Wiseman, and is intended as a home for the aged as well as for abandoned children. In short, the extremes of life are taken into this institution and cared for with a tender charity beyond praise. Nazareth House is distinctly not a workhouse. It is, to use Mrs. Meynell's charming phrase, "God's home for His poor." Aged people of both sexes are tended with a gentle thoughtfulness that can only spring from a sincere sentiment of true religion and appreciation of the duties of Christian charity. The forlorn old women who are admitted are called "the old ladies."

If there is one among them [says Mrs. Meynell] who has a beautiful face, in form or expression, the nuns do not fail to draw their visitors' attention to it; and some of these faces are most beautiful and spiritual. Even those who are suffering are peaceful; those who are passing into eternity without pain look like saints, pale, not with the difficulty of common life and poverty, but with seventy years of prayers.

All London contributes to the support of the Sisters, who are well-known at every great restaurant, club, and hotel, and there is not one of these immense caravanseries where they are not cordially welcomed, and from which they do not return with their carts well filled with scraps, which they convert into succulent and wholesome food for their "guests." We must not call the poor people at Nazareth House "paupers." "They are our guests and our friends," the good Sisters retort; and, whilst the old men and women, many of them verging on a hundred, are as clean and neat as it is possible for them to be made, and really seem to be enjoying the last few hours of their lives, the little children in the other wing of the house are being tended with motherly care. Each child is carefully dressed, not only in clean garments, but in pretty ones. There is no frock that is not gracefully made and gaily trimmed. The infinite variety of the odds and ends has a charming effect as regards the children, whose colouring has been studiously suited, and who have that look of having been separately and individually cared for which takes something from the melancholy of the sight of an orphan crowd. The White Lady who rose nightly from her grave, in the German legend, to wash and comb the little children ill tended need not walk the wards of Nazareth House. The dead and gone mothers whose little ones are there can rest in peace.

In addition to their internal work of the House, the Sisters have undertaken during the last few winters a soup-kitchen, which has brought several hundred starving people from all parts of London daily to their gates. The nuns rise to set on their caldrons at half-past four on the winter mornings. As it has often been hard to find the wherewithal, sometimes the inmates have voluntarily given up their share of the food to the outsiders—men cowering in the hard frost, and in some cases literally fainting from famine. Nineteen hundred persons, all told, have partaken of the hospitality of Nazareth House in a single day. The soup-kitchen is absolutely free. The Sisters found that, in the condition of the unemployed, it was best to put no obstacle, not even that of a ticket, in the way of approach to his daily food. No questions are asked of man, woman, or child. Only it was thought necessary to keep the charity for the unemployed by giving the soup a little before noon. Men at work were tempted to take advantage of a twelve-o'clock dole. As it

is, the great number of men and the comparative fewness of the women and children are noticeable. On the intensely frosty mornings of midwinter ragged men are to be seen tramping westwards from distances whither it might have been thought the fame of Nazareth had never penetrated. They straggle out by twos and threes, starting early, and waiting before the door with its cross until the time arrives for them to be admitted. There is an exquisite etching in the book by Mr. Lambert representing a group of these outcasts taking their soup—an excellent *olla podrida*—at the foot of a life-sized crucifix. The nuns are seen doling out the broth in basins in a pleasant, good-natured manner. This is an impressive sight, which those who have witnessed it are never likely to forget. Indeed, a visit to Nazareth House is one which everybody should make at least once in a while. Strangers are heartily welcomed, and, home-returning, they will feel the wiser and the better for having witnessed so much goodness and so much distress.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

##### VI.

"ALL in the Downs" may be said to be the lyrical inspiration of Mr. W. Clark Russell's *Between the Forelands* (Sampson Low & Co.), a delightful "longshore chat," rising at times to something like a chant of exultation, concerning the gallant deeds done in the past by the merchant service and Royal Navy in the wars with Holland, Spain, and France. From many sources, including the *Naval Histories* of Campbell and of James, Mr. Russell has collected his yarns of sea-fights, shipwrecks, smugglers, slavers, Deal boatmen, and so forth; and, however distant may be the scene of his story, he connects one and all in the most ingenious way with the Deal beach, the Downs, or the Goodwins. When he intervenes in his narration, it is as a chorus, accompanying the dramatic action, and his enthusiasm is irresistible. When he himself spins the yarn he holds us spell-bound, and we close his fascinating book with regret that there is not more of it, overrunning with good things though it be. Reading these stirring deeds of valour and seamanship, many of which are absolutely unknown to British boys and their fathers, it is impossible not to echo Mr. Russell's regret that naval histories are closed books to most schoolboys. "A pity it is, I think," says Mr. Russell, "that we, the inheritors of the greatness and glory for which such sailors as this" (Sir John Lockhart Ross) "fought, suffered, and bled, should know so little about them that the names of but a handful, so to speak, are familiar to us." And the pity is, it is too true. The ordinary histories tell of Howe and Jervis, of Blake and mighty Nelson, of decisive battles, and entirely neglect the long roll-record of individual gallantry in which our seamen and fisher-folk shine with the best. The story of the Topsham mate and boy who overpowered the French privateersman who had captured them, and that of the master of a fishing-smack who, with his crew of one man and a boy, engaged a French sloop well armed, and took her with her crew of fourteen in triumph into Poole Harbour, are the finest of all possible tonics in these days, and ought to be familiar to every boy in the land. Mr. Russell's book is, indeed, a book that was badly wanted. But, apart from this, it is admirable from all points of view. It embraces the wide field suggested to the writer at the outset, not neglecting the historic associations of the Kentish shore, and it is written in the most rousing and vivid style conceivable. Mr. Ballantyne is scarcely at his best in *The Crew of the "Water Wagtail"* (Nisbet), a story of Newfoundland in the opening of the sixteenth century. It is written in Mr. Ballantyne's later manner, which is a manner quite opposed to the spirit that lightens the pages of the *Coral Island* and its companions. The story is not lacking in incident. There are mariners, with little "salt" about them, a shipwreck, adventures with Indians, and so forth; but the attempt to recreate the colour and atmosphere of a rather remote period of history is anything but successful, and we are a good deal bored by a certain seaman who seems to have enjoyed an acquaintance with William Tyndale in his youth, and carries with him a MS. copy of St. John's Gospel, which he is never averse from producing for the instruction of his comrades. The comic man who serves as a foil for young heroes, has become a "property" common to most sea stories for boys. In Mr. Arthur Lee Knight's *The Mids of the "Rattlesnake"* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) he is a Dutchman, shipped on board a corvette at Cape Town, as the Captain's servant. His English is extraordinary, and he becomes the butt of the crew, one of whom provokes him to a combat at length. The two men had gone through the form of reconciliation at the Captain's request, when the Dutchman appeared one day with a black eye, which is accounted for by his antagonist declaring it was done in self-defence—"without so much as 'by your leave' he runs his starboard dead-light right agin my port fist!" Mr. Knight's book is full of rattling encounters with pirates in Malay waters and other pleasant adventures. Mr. John Hutcheson's comic man in *The Black Man's Ghost* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) is a negro cook, who is shot at by a Yankee skipper, falls overboard, is believed to be dead, but by a lucky chance gets aboard again and plays ghost and his pet banjo to the horror of captain and crew. Mr. Hutcheson's story is ingeniously planned and told with excellent spirit. It comprises a most exciting voyage from Liverpool round Cape Horn, a wreck on one of the Galapagos group, an earthquake, a buccaneer's treasure, and a very impressive finale.

\* *The Poor Sisters of Nazareth: an Illustrated Record of Life at Nazareth House, Hammersmith.* By Alice Meynell. With Illustrations by George Lambert. London: Burns & Oates. 1889.



There seems to be a general revival of the late Mr. F. R. Goulding's books for boys this season. To those already noticed we must add *Nuoochee* (Routledge) and *Sal-o-Quick* (Routledge), the latter a story of a boy's life among the Cherokees. Both books we strongly recommend as wholesome and entertaining reading for the younger boys, and both are illustrated by W. J. Jackson in a style of uncommon vigour. Mr. Manville Fenn, whose stories we always hail with confident expectation of pleasure, has written nothing more exhilarating and interesting than his story of the Western Highlands, *Three Boys* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) These three boys, who enjoy a glorious time on loch and moor, fishing, shooting, swimming, and so forth, are excellent fellows, though they offer the most whimsical contrasts. They are the young heir of the chief of the clan Mackhai, his youthful gillie, and a London boy visiting their Highland home, whose father is a solicitor and mortgagee of the Mackhai estates. The young Mackhai has no idea of his father's liability; yet at first he makes cruel sport in a good-humoured spirit of the sensitive, ignorant young Cockney, who ultimately becomes his fast friend and restores his home and lands to him in the end. The story is full of movement from first to last, and the descriptions of sport and scenery are excellent. In Esmé Stuart's *Cast Ashore* (National Society) the sea is scarcely an elemental circumstance, and the story, which is of a romantic cast, is better suited to children than active boys. It is skilfully built up, however, and told with the author's accustomed charm. The boy who will go to sea, and can learn nothing save aboard ship, is the hero whose brief yet exciting experience of sea life is well told by the author of *Starwood Hall in Chris Derrick* (National Society). Chris is a restless youth, dissatisfied with his peaceful home-life at a farm on the heights overlooking the Teign; but his ambition is soon quelled by a cruise in his father's schooner and the terrors of a mutiny. Perhaps he is too easily cured of his yearning for a merry life on the main.

Nothing so racy has been written of the plantation negro and his ways since Mr. Nelson Page's old Virginian stories appeared as the vivid and entertaining sketches of the negroes of Georgia and Florida in *Two Runaways; and other Stories*, by Harry Stillwell Edwards, illustrated by E. W. Kemble (New York: Century Company). "De Valley and De Shadder," "Two Runaways," and "Mina"—a Plot, are all capital character-sketches, and the Voodooism in the last is not the least singular illustration of an ineradicable superstition. But "Two Runaways" is the gem of the collection. The boyish delight of the old negro when he succeeds in luring his master into the swamps and backwoods to share his wild holiday is exquisitely painted. The remaining stories, in which the man of colour does not figure, are all good, and somewhat after the early manner of Mr. Bret Harte, though the pathos of Mr. Edwards is of a thinner quality than his humour and his descriptive power. *Trying to find Europe*, by Jimmy Brown, edited by W. L. Alden (Sampson Low & Co.), we find to be amusing only fitfully. The worst of it is, the humour is scarcely the humour of a boy, though it is a boy who tries to find, and succeeds in getting into, Europe. Here is a specimen:—"Paris is very crowded, and there are hundreds of people who can't get into the houses to eat their supper, and have to sit at little tables on the side-walks." Books for girls of all ages, save those not ascertainable, present no great variety, to judge from those before us. The most ambitious in aim is *Dorothy Arden*, by J. M. Callwell (Nelson & Sons), a story of the last Huguenot persecution; the scene partly in the South of France, and partly in England during the rebellion of Monmouth and the landing of William of Orange. At the opening the story moves rather slowly, tediously almost; but it becomes brisk indeed when the heroine and her small brother escape to England, meet their English kin, and share in exciting events. The characters in Mr. Callwell's book are well drawn, and a noble example is provided in the self-sacrifice and heroism of Humphry Gillott on the field of Sedgemoor. A useful moral is illustrated in *Yours and Mine* (Nisbet), a readable story for children by Anne B. Warner. Another story of the days of Sedgemoor and Judge Jeffreys is *Fairmeadows Farm*, by Mary H. Debenham (National Society); it is told in a pleasant style, is thoroughly interesting, and considerable care is shown in the historical treatment. *The Three Geoffrys*, by M. M. (Allen & Co.), is a dull example of the "family" story. It runs to much conversation, which is of the kind that very good people are delivered of, but not the less tedious for being in print. "A tale for boys" we should not recommend to our boys is *Holding On*, by J. T. Hopkins (Nelson). It is a moral tale and dull. *When Mother was Little*, by S. P. Yorke (Fisher Unwin), is a pretty story, told to children of the present day, of other days and another training than theirs, whether better or not being a question properly left undecided. *Dora's Doll's House*, by the Hon. Mrs. Greene (Nelson), is all about a disobedient little girl and her doll's house—a story that might have been told to better effect in one-fourth the space. *Winter's Folly* (Religious Tract Society) is one of Mrs. Walton's prettiest stories, unaffected in sentiment and simple in style. Mrs. Marshall, a practised hand at narrative, offers a good example of the story with a moral in *Golden Silence* (Nisbet), though less to our liking than the author's favourite style of romance with an historical flavouring.

Among magazine volumes and annuals we have to note *Amateur Work* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), with hundreds of illustrative diagrams, and practical articles on the production of useful or orna-

mental objects by artistic and mechanical processes; *The Girl's Own Annual*, the year's issue of that excellent journal *The Girl's Own Paper*; *St. Nicholas*, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge (New York: Century Company), the best of magazines for all sorts of children and charmingly illustrated; *Little Folks* (Cassell), deservedly a favourite with small children; *The Child's Pictorial* (S.P.C.K.), curiously styled "a monthly coloured magazine," full of pretty pictures in colour and capital stories by Mrs. Molesworth, and others; and *The Children's Illustrated Annual* (Seeley & Co.), a book to rejoice children who love animals, for it abounds in pictures of beasts wild and tame, pictures after Reynolds and Gainsborough, stories about dogs, birds, and so forth. *The Child of the Caravan*, by E. M. Green, with illustrations by Edith Scannell (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a painfully sad story of a gifted little boy who becomes separated from his parents and is trained as a violinist and ill treated in the training. From a large number of picture-books for the young we select *The Lost Ticket* (Routledge), a collection of stories in verse and prose, with pictures by A. W. Cooper, Hal Ludlow, and others; *Where Lilies live and Waters wind away* (Marcus Ward & Co.), verses by F. W. Bourdillon, illustrated by charming pictures in colour and vignettes in black and white by Edith S. Berkeley; *The Kelpie's Fiddle-bow* (Marcus Ward & Co.), a pretty story of the fantastic kind, from the German, with clever drawings by E. L. Shute; and *Drifting Leaves*, by Sarah Doudney (Marcus Ward & Co.), a volume of poems, with tasteful decorative designs in colour and gold, studies of autumn foliage for the most part, admirably reproduced. We have also to acknowledge *Little Footsteps* (Shaw & Co.), a collection of pleasing short stories, with good woodcuts, by Mrs. Shaw; *Handsome is that Handsome does*, readings for working-men's homes, written by various writers and well illustrated (Religious Tract Society); *Chatterbox Christmas Box* (Wells Gardner & Co.), with five chromos, and a variety of excellent short stories, illustrated by Mr. Stanley Berkeley; and the "Christmas Number" of *The Monthly Packet*, edited by Charlotte M. Yonge (Smith & Innes), with contributions by the editor and others. Something new in book "notions" is *The Palette Painting Book* (Warne & Co.), printed in Holland, as so many English books with coloured plates are. Cut to resemble a palette, the interior reveals an attractive series of pictures which are reversed in outline for children to colour. For young actors we have *Fairy Rosebud*, and *Little Dewdrop and Jack Frost*, by Amy Whynates (Dean & Son), each with a charming design by Richard Doyle. They are perfectly suited to the means and capacity of young children.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

PRINCE LUBOMIRSKI is an amusing writer (1), and, in a way, a clever one; but it is very difficult to take him seriously, either when he is arguing that the Christian religion is done for, or explaining the unfortunate reasons which prevent him from having any country in particular, though he is more of a Frenchman than anything else. Hence, he is not quite the person from whom one would expect a grave history of the "political and social transformation of Europe" in the last half-century. However, he seems to have set to work on it with the greatest gravity, and has really done it (he begins in 1850) with considerable ability. The worst of it is that, even if the man were there, the hour has not come. It is a far cry from Prince Lubomirski to Thucydides; but it is even a farther from the clear and circumscribed events of the Peloponnesian war to the still unfinished welter of world history in the middle of which we are. Still fortune favours the brave, and Prince Lubomirski, in trying his actual adventure, shows himself a very brave man.

At the end of his discussion of literary artists (2)—to wit, Gautier, Baudelaire, "les deux Goncourt," M. Leconte de Lisle, Flaubert, M. de Banville, and a few younger contemporaries—M. Maurice Spronck admits calmly that he does not know whether there will be any letters or any arts in a short time, or whether "the old world will disappear" altogether. Meanwhile, he has some things worth saying on his special subject. We wish, indeed, that he had had the courage to leave out the everlasting and ever-boring M.M. de Goncourt, the greatest literary impostors (we use the word, of course, in its sporting, not its moral, connotation) of the day. He has taken Gautier a little too seriously; by which we do not mean that he ranks him too high—that is not easy—but that he attaches too much importance to the Theophilite "indifference," on the one hand, and to Gautier's disgust at life and horror of death, on the other. Both existed and could not but exist in a man of temperament extraordinarily poetic, in the widest sense, who was all his life chained to the oar. But Théophile had too much sense, too much humour, too much cheery gallantry, to be the less fainéant René, the Amiel with more literary faculty, that M. Spronck sometimes seems to think him. On the other hand, the essay on Baudelaire comes perhaps nearer to the mark than that of any French critic, and the Flaubert is also good. There is specially to be commended in the volume what is most rare in French critics—the attempt not to connect

(1) *Histoire contemporaine*. Tome 1. Par le Prince Lubomirski. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Les artistes littéraires*. Par Maurice Spronck. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

the subject with a theory, not to hop and skip about it saying clever things, but to grapple with it as it is, and take the measure of it, and make a literary preparation of it, showing its real nature. And this attempt may atone for some defects of style, and for occasional *charge* in certain directions.

We took up M. Secrétan's book (3) with certain sinkings of heart, and we cannot say that we laid it down in much of a mood to say "Sursum corda." It is written in a good enough spirit; but appears to us almost, if not quite, as unpractical as most writing on the subject—which is saying a great deal. That social states can be destroyed, but cannot be made; can be hampered, but not set going, is the beginning and end of the whole matter; and you cannot make a big book out of that.

It is really a pity that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, who has a pretty talent, should, by choice or by accident, be found so much surrounded by the ignoble army of puffers. Here are some very fair stories of hers (4), which are pretty in French, and perhaps were prettier in German. And they must needs be ushered by a prefatory blast of flattery from the pen of the eminent brother-in-arms of My Brother Yves—a blast which might have stunned Gloriana herself. "Parfaite harmonie," "éternelle jeunesse," "charme unique de son regard," "suprême intelligence," "dessins archaïques qui semblent sortir tout naturellement de ses doigts." Thus writes M. Pierre Loti. "Des phrases entières de la reine [lui] reviennent en mémoire avec leurs inflexions doucement musicales." When she read his books "je ne reconnaissais plus mon œuvre, tant elle me paraissait embellie, transfigurée." "Carmen Sylva lisant elle-même ses propres œuvres est la seule personne qui avec une fiction m'ait jamais ému jusqu'à me faire pleurer." Thus, and much else, does the author of *Madame Chrysanthème* write concerning his heroine, though "il s'est borné à tourner autour de son sujet trop profond." Dear! dear!

We have before us two of the numerous books on military life which have been begotten by the turning of the French nation into an army. One—M. Descaves' *Sous-Offs* (5)—is a novel of the grimy type of which we have noticed not a few of late years—a type certainly not testifying to any great enjoyment of or respect for the soldier's life among the Frenchmen who now know so much more of it than they did. The other (6) is a very different book, containing, apparently, genuine military reminiscences. These are not rose-coloured by any means—indeed they are quite the contrary—but the author was born long before the days of naturalism and in those of romance. Saumur, the ranks of cavalry regiments, Martinique—M. Mismér sketches them all with little pretension, but with a just hand.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE new annual volume of the *Art Journal* (Virtue & Co.), a handsome gift-book, as usual, shows a good record of the year's art, including a comprehensive review, with illustrations, of artistic work at the Paris Exhibition, a contribution which is the only feature of the present volume that recalls the original form of the *Art Journal*. The enlarged scope of the "New Series," commenced ten years since, is especially noteworthy this year, both in the letterpress and in illustrations. The former possesses the brightness and diversity necessary to a popular undertaking, and decidedly not characteristic of the periodical's youth; while, in the place of the line-engravings of old, we have etchings, wood-engravings, chromos, photo-engravings, and other examples of reproductive processes. The prints in colour, after water-colours by Ludwig Passini and Miss Maude Goodman, though fair specimens of chromolithography, must be classed with "Christmas-number" art, and may be said to carry the changed order of the *Art Journal* quite as far as it is desirable. Pictorial art may be popularized in other directions, and with more gratifying results. The etchings and photogravures, for instance, in the new volume comprise some excellent examples—Mr. F. Morgan's "School Belles," by Mr. Muller; Mr. Waterhouse's "Lady of Shallott," by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn; Mr. Percy Robertson's "Harrow"; "The Knight's Dream," after Raphael, by Mr. J. Groh; and, among photogravures, a Highland landscape by Mr. H. W. R. Davis, and Mr. Solomon's "Niobe." The text illustrations to Mrs. Meynell's capital paper on the Newlyn fraternity, to Professor Stevenson's sound critical article on Corot, to Lady Colin Campbell's "Frank Holl and his Works," and Mrs. Sitwell's interesting series of papers on "Types of Beauty," exemplify the general excellence of the pictorial section. The wide field embraced by the literary contributions is revealed by citing a few of the illustrated articles—such as Mr. Henry Wallis on antique glass at the Naples Museum, Mr. W. J. Loftie's historical papers on the Royal Palaces, Mr. Claude Phillips on the work of Jean-Paul Laurens and Fritz von Uhde, and Mr. J. E. Hodgson's interesting retrospective account of the Royal Academy in its earlier years.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, in *A New Pilgrimage; and other Poems* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), puts forth his views of the sonnet, as a poem and a metrical form, both by precept and example, and we find not a little that may well engage the student of poetry in

his theory and practice of the sonnet. With Mr. Blunt's plea for perfect freedom in rhyme-arrangement, the octave of the sonnet being assumed to be inflexible, we are in complete agreement. Nor are we disposed to urge aught against his partiality for a concluding couplet. The order of rhyming the sextett of the sonnet is one of those wholly trivial matters that may well be left to distressed pedants. The example of all the masters of the English sonnet is against any fixed rule. The two greatest sonnet-writers of the century, Wordsworth and Keats, showed a delightful contempt for Italian form. Wordsworth, for example, composed a sonnet of three rhymes only, and it is one of his finest. But when Mr. Blunt interferes with the structure of the sonnet, as he does in his series, "The Idler's Calendar," we protest he is nothing but rash. His sonnet of sixteen verses, or "lines," as he prefers it, is not a sonnet at all, and does not accord with his own "metrical description of a perfect English sonnet," which runs thus:—

Oh, for a perfect sonnet of all time!  
Wild music, heralding immortal hopes,  
Strikes the bold prelude. To it from each clime,  
Like tropic birds on some green island slopes,  
Thoughts answering come, high metaphors, brave tropes,  
In ordered measure and majestic rhyme.  
And, presently, all hearts, of kings and popes,  
And peoples, thrub to this new theme sublime.  
Anon, 'tis reason speaks. A note of death  
Strengthens the symphony yet fraught with pain,  
And men seek meanings with abated breath,  
Vexing their souls—till lo! once more the strain  
Breaks through triumphant, and Love's master voice  
Thrills the last phrase, and bids all joys rejoice.

The model, perhaps, is as curious as the examples that follow it. Mr. Blunt's sixteen-line sonnet is really only the first step towards that once-popular poetic exercise the "storied sonnet" of the author of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. There is no reason why you should not arrive at eighteen, or twenty-four, lines, or stay at that. Frankly, Mr. Blunt does much better in his experiments in assonance "From the Arabic," in his lay of the dying bullfighter "Sancho Sanchez," and in the musical stanzas "Across the Pampas."

Metrical form again appeals to the reader of the Rev. Richard Wilton's *Benedicite; and other Poems* (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), a volume of sonnets, rondeaux, ballades, and translations from the Latin poems of Crashaw, Herbert, and others, prefaced by a pleasant exculpatory rondeau by Mr. Austin Dobson. Mr. Wilton's fluent and sympathetic setting of the "Song of the Three Children" is in a metrical form which Mr. Blunt may regard as a sonnet in octosyllabics, though the author does not so regard them. His true sonnets follow Petrarch's form, show Wordsworthian influence at times, and are for the most part singularly free from the artifice begotten of the mere effort to rhyme which imperils the spontaneity of most English sonnets of orthodox form. The rondeaux charm even more by their unpremeditated air; song that is truly lyrical and of genuine inspiration. Such an example as "The Sylvan Shrine" (p. 80) might have evoked Mr. Dobson's address to the author on the rondeau, as employed in a previous volume:—

Let none its dainty charm abuse  
From this time forth, and none accuse,  
As once, its bird-like blithe refrain  
Of naught but idle themes again,  
Since for a graver song you woo  
This Gallic form!

*Edward Thring, Teacher and Poet* (Fisher Unwin), is a little volume of addresses, sonnets, and recollections, by Mr. H. D. Rawnsley, commemorative of the late Head-Master of Uppingham, and reprinted in part from the *Spectator*. An *éloge* of the kind here set forth is scarcely matter for criticism. The work of the late Mr. Thring as an educational trainer may be more effectually discussed when the forthcoming biography appears; but Mr. Rawnsley's rather gushing estimate of his poetry, of which ample specimens are given, must have been entirely prompted by the writer's admiration of the schoolmaster, since Mr. Thring's muse shows nothing but an ordinary quality of versifying and some acquaintance with the poetry of Wordsworth.

An entertaining little book, not more egotistic than the occasion warrants, is Mr. Richard Tangye's autobiography, "*One and All*" (Partridge & Co.), originally contributed in part to the *British Workman*. One needs not to be engaged in hydraulic engineering to read this story of a remarkable career with considerable interest. The story is simply yet forcibly told, and its dramatic incidents are decidedly striking.

Compiled by the Bishop of St. Andrews is *The Waverley Proverbial Birthday Book* (Remington & Co.), a collection of brief extracts from Sir Walter, well chosen, though by no means exhaustive of the subject, as the Bishop's appendix of shorter proverbial sayings from the novels proves. It is a little odd that the compiler of these sententious extracts should begin his preface with this tautology, "Among the many other and more striking merits by which the Waverley Novels are distinguished," &c.

A second instalment—"Chapter II," it is entitled—of the Hon. Mrs. Burrell's *Thoughts for Enthusiasts at Bayreuth* (Pickering & Chatto) comprises an essay on the *Memoirs* of the Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia, Margravine of Bayreuth, with a bibliography, facsimiles of handwriting, portraits, and an excellent biographical sketch. The book is handsomely got up.

(3) *Études sociales*. Par Camille Secrétan. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Qui friappe?* Par Carmen Sylva. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Sous-Offs*. Par Lucien Descaves. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(6) *Dix ans soldat*. Par Ch. Mismér. Paris: Hachette.



From the Subodha-Praka's Press of Bombay we have received Mr. Manilal Nabhubhai Dvivedi's *Monism or Advaitism?* an introduction to the Advaita philosophy "read by the light of modern science." The same writer's *Siddhanta-Sara* (Nirnaya-Sagara Press), "a History of Thought in India, with an attempt to point out the basis of a universal religion," with a synopsis in English, from which it appears that the author discovers the Advaita philosophy underlying all religions, and itself a reconciling medium between religion and modern science.

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